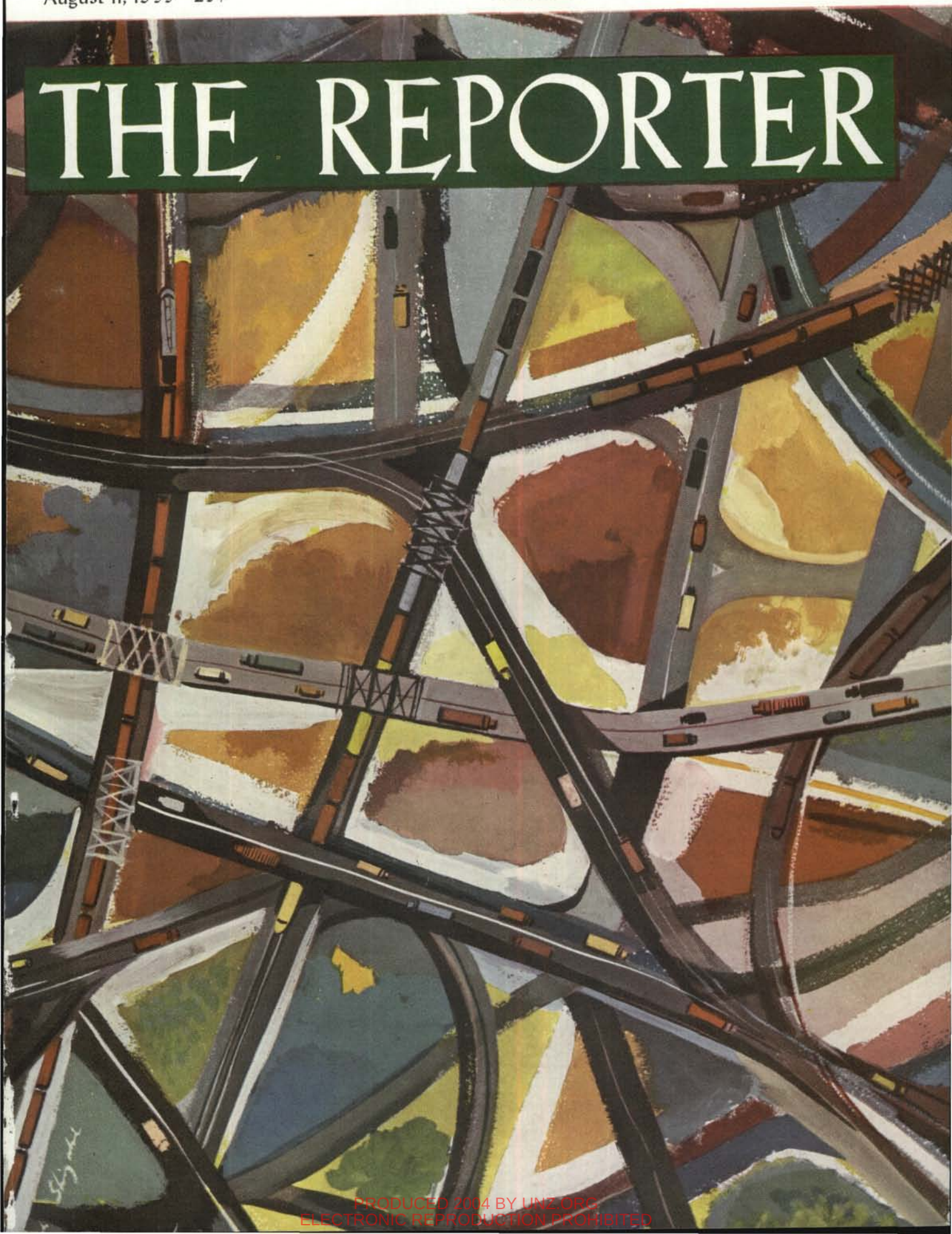
THE 'ENGINEERING OF CONSENT'

—A CASE STUDY

August 11, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER



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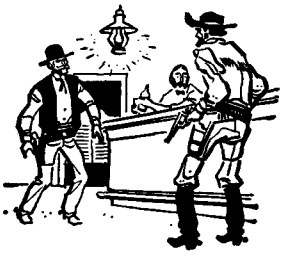
Crescent Sam had the drop on him—briefly



"I'M a she-wolf from Bitter Creek and it's my night to howl!"

Crescent Sam stepped into the kerosene glow of the biggest saloon in Perry, Oklahoma, and fired a six-gun into the air.

Suddenly, he spotted the stern-faced peace officer you see here. He aimed and pulled.

And in a gun flash, he lay dead.

Crescent Sam, thief and killer, had made the fatal mistake of trying to outshoot Bill Tilghman. Tilghman who could hole the ace of spades at 30 feet. Tilghman who in later years said, "I never shot at a man in my life and missed him."

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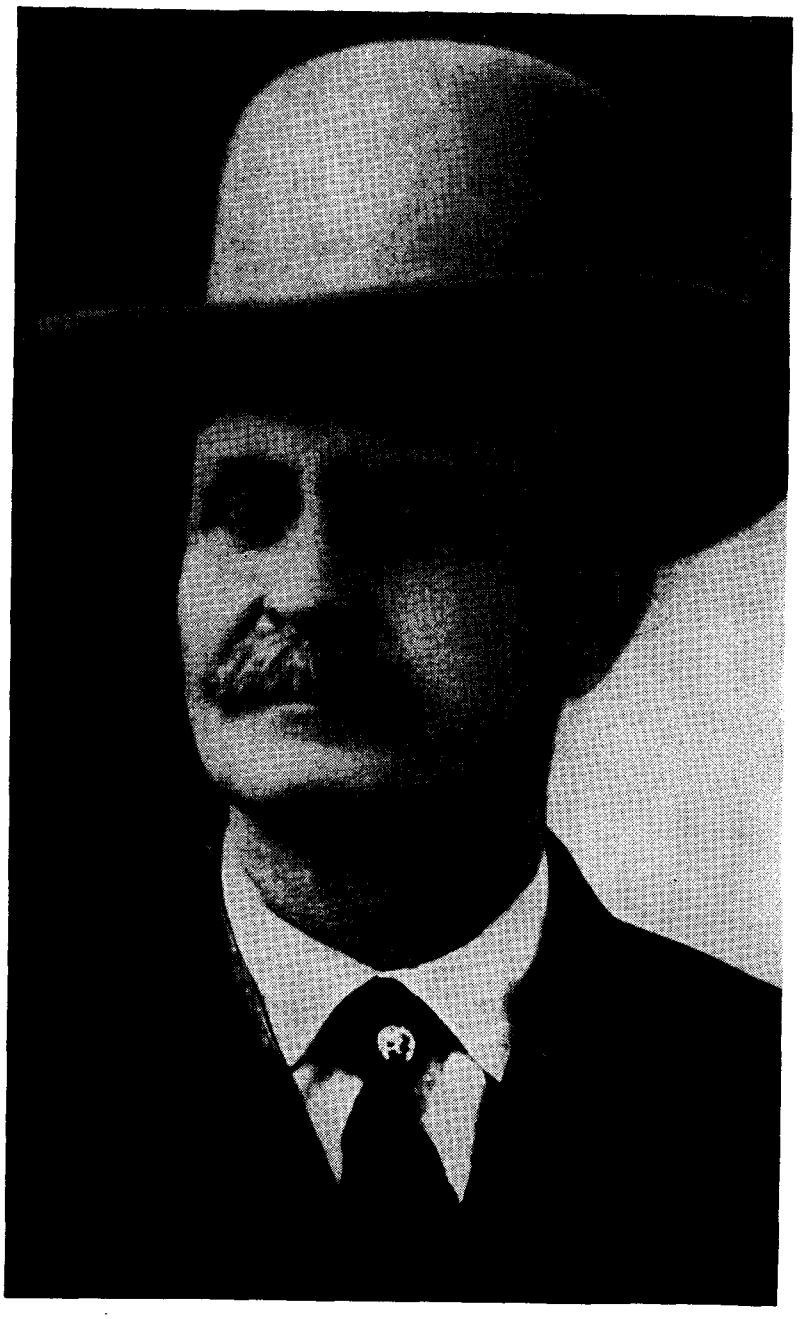

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Man in The Wet Flannel Suit

In the sunny afterglow of the Geneva Conference, there is one image that sticks in our mind as oddly out of key. It is that of President Eisenhower at the reception given him at Washington airport on his return delivering his homecoming remarks under a cloudburst that drenched both him and his high-ranking audience and sent them to their limousines in sodden suits after this speech.

Knowing the diligent preparations always made for an open-air appearance of the Chief Executive, we wondered why no umbrellas had been provided in view of the threatening weather. Then it appeared that their absence was due to a high-level political decision. Vice-President Nixon had personally banned umbrellas from the homecoming ceremony because he felt they would recall the return seventeen years ago of the umbrella-carrying Prime Minister Chamberlain from his session of appeasement with Hitler at Munich.

We think the Vice-President takes a rather prejudiced view of the uses of the umbrella, a practical instrument that people all over the world open above their heads for protection against rain. True, such an instrument was once carried, furled, by a Prime Minister returning from a particularly disastrous conference, even though on the day he arrived in London there was no rain. Does it follow just because the unhappy Chamberlain had one in his hand after surrendering the Sudetenland that the President of the United States must on no account be given its protection after conferring with foreign chiefs, even though the heavens may open on him, and that his greeters must have their enthusiasm dampened by being wet to the skin? Is Mr. Nixon so much the prisoner of tribal fears of foreign entanglements and imaginary defeats that the common umbrella must now be placed on the suspect list and declared taboo? Can guilt by association be extended to objects?

It seems to us that in all circumstances men either high or low should have sense enough to come in out of the rain.

Taking It All Back

One of our favorite Senators is William E. Jenner of Indiana—our ninety-fifth favorite, to be exact. His virtue is consistency. He was against aid to our "so-called Allies" when it began, he fought it in all its forms throughout the Democratic Administrations, and he is opposed to it now. For such stalwart determination he was beloved of the late Colonel McCormick. But, as Jenner himself sorrowfully observed one day last month, not all the Colonel's Senators have been as constant as he. For the leader of the fight to protect foreign aid was Everett Dirksen of Illinois.

Jenner listened glumly while Dirksen proclaimed his defection, filling the Chamber with all kinds of despicable international nonsense. Maybe Dirksen was thinking of the election in Illinois next year, and remembering the fate of the last True American to run for the Senate there. Maybe he was feeling that a little support from That Internationalist in the White House wouldn't hurt him any. (That was what Jenner really thought was Dirksen's trouble in his speech following Dirksen's he scoffed at those who come to Washington full of the right ideas and then change, to "conform" and be "popular.") Or maybe Dirksen had let his trip to the Far East with Senator Earle C. Clements (D., Kentucky) really change him.

Anyway, Dirksen was eloquent, informed, and persuasive, and his speech made Jenner squirm. He did not talk, as he should, about money down a rathole; instead he was full of stuff about the "free arc of Asia" and how foreign aid protects our own national interests. He did not give the proper sneer at our "so-called Allies"; he said they were doing their best, and we can't let them down. He didn't even explain that the foreign-aid program is a wasteful world-wide boondoggle; instead he kept saying it has something to do with peace, and is cheaper than war. "I remember the day when I used to attack this program," shouted Dirksen. "I did it with a great deal of verve and vigor. I take it back. Publicly and privately, I take it back."

This was too much for Jenner, who

SYMBOLS

To be avoided, like Chamberlain's umbrella, by future presidents.

Scotties and bird dogs (Fala and Charlie Wilson)
Cockers and hounds' teeth, clean (Nixon, of course)
Canes and cigarette holders (you know who)
Pianos (the man from Independence, Mo.)
Horses (Hobby, perhaps?)
Mustaches (Acheson, natch)
Apples (rotten)
Razors, jugulars (Joe)
Messes (Mulligan stew)
Crusade (forgotten?)
Foot, mouth (Dulles)
Golf, balls.

SEC

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hasn't taken anything back. He yelled his way through his prepared speech, full of the sturdy old American phrases, but it was a lonely task. In the middle he stopped and had a pointed word for Dirksen. "Somebody in the cloakroom told me he heard a whirling sound. I am sure that was Colonel McCormick turning over in his grave when the Senator made that statement."

Baby Boom

A member of our staff who recently had an addition to his family reports:

For years, when we were subsisting with just two children, we had the sense of being precisely in tune with the times. My college alumni bulletin announced a class average of 1.98 offspring. All the new houses we looked at had, apart from Master Bedroom, cubicles for Child No. 1 and Child No. 2—never more. All the advertisements we saw for happy home life showed, without exception, the two-child family.

Then something happened. We started on our third, for one thing. I felt we were out of step, and we were certainly about to outgrow our house. But to my surprise just then a string of Howard Johnson magazine ads also broke through to show a happy family with not two but three children eating ice cream. By June, the Cadillac people had departed so far from the norm as to show a happy high-income family with four, while *Life* presented an admiring spread of Vassar alumnae who had achieved five and six.

Such changes in mass suggestion are not undertaken lightly. Could there possibly be something in the nature of a drive for higher production behind this? The Advertising Council recently issued a film strip demonstrating that a record birth rate would be a guarantor of record prosperity, and in its July 29 issue, *U.S. News & World Report* gets down to specifics. Under the feature headline 37 MILLION BABIES—KEY TO BUSINESS FUTURE: POSTWAR BIRTHS MEAN 4 MILLION NEW CUSTOMERS A YEAR the magazine shows with stork-decorated charts just how a soaring production will provide multiplying purchasers of houses, cars, refrigerators, and (since *U.S. News* misses nothing) wedding rings. I am beginning to wonder whether possibly a baby boom is being promoted as the Republicans' answer to Democratic gloom mongers.

Return Engagement

In considering the case of Harold E. Talbott, Secretary of the Air Force, the Senate subcommittee managed to recapture for a brief moment some of the excitement and glory of the Army-McCarthy hearings. Outside the hearing room, crowds stretched halfway down the corridor of the Senate Office Building as people waited patiently for their chance at a mere twenty-five seats open to the public. An overweight blonde confided to her partner girlishly, "You know, these are the same fellows who were on television last year. First time I've bothered to come down here since the bus strike began." A ruddy youngster barely out of high school begged the guard, "Please, can't I go in? You see, I know one of the principals." "Sh-h-h," said another youth, glancing around nervously. "I waited outside for this all morning," said an elderly man, complaining quietly to nobody in particular. Over and over again, the Senate policeman repeated his lines: "Wait your places, everybody. No shoving, please."

Inside, much was reminiscent of the other show. Four television cameras were focused on the principals; photographers crouched noiselessly in front of the witness stand; two elongated tables had been set up for the convenience of the press. Senator McClellan, wielding the gavel, looked his old righteous self. Near him were Senator Symington, his voice droning on in flat oratorical flourishes, Senator Mundt billowing in smoke, Senator Jackson looking sleepy. There were additions, too: Senator Ervin of North Carolina with his air of a crackerbarrel judge, Senator Bender of Ohio flashing a toothy smile for the benefit of photographers. Staff counsels Robert Kennedy and James Juliana were at the Senatorial table; unconsciously one looked for Roy Cohn and Francis Carr. Senator McCarthy, no longer the center of attention, chose to absent himself a lot.

A side row was reserved for the main participants. Paul B. Mulligan, Talbott's active partner, sat there quietly, his fleshy lips motionless, his face expressionless. He sat with his lawyer, Robert Robb, government attorney in the J. Robert Oppenheimer case. Mr. Robb was very busy: his head close in constant consultation, gesturing imperiously to Air Force officers in the back of the room, sending notes up to the Senate table, stepping out of the room frequently for short intervals. Halfway through the session they were joined by Secretary Talbott himself, his once debonnaire air quite gone, his face now lined and tired. A reporter came up to ask a question. "Don't! Don't!" cried Robb sharply. "Can't you see he's had enough from you people?"

Senator Bender elected himself as Senate arbitrator. In a brief intermission he gathered reporters around himself in a spirit of bonhomie. "Look here, boys," he said briskly. "I'm not trying to cover up anything and I don't think President Eisenhower is either. I don't hold any brief for Talbott. I've only spoken to him once, and that time he insulted me." Back in the hearings again, he spoke to the Secretary. "I believe in your testimony," he said. "It has certainly been most forthright . . . You have had anything but a good press, Mr. Talbott . . . The boys are certainly giving you the business . . ."

PEOPLES' REPUBLIC VS. PUBLIC OPINION

If we have a row with Mao
In the current pow and pow
It's because he will not bow
And we will not kow and tow.
Each of us must disavow
All concessions anyhow.
That's the status as of now
Re a colloquy with Mao.

SEC

Show Biz Looks Up

Some nice things have been happening lately in the communications field. One of them is the death of the "situation comedy" on TV and radio. "Situation comedy" has for years been a highly lucrative device fashioned by tired writers in which two married couples find themselves

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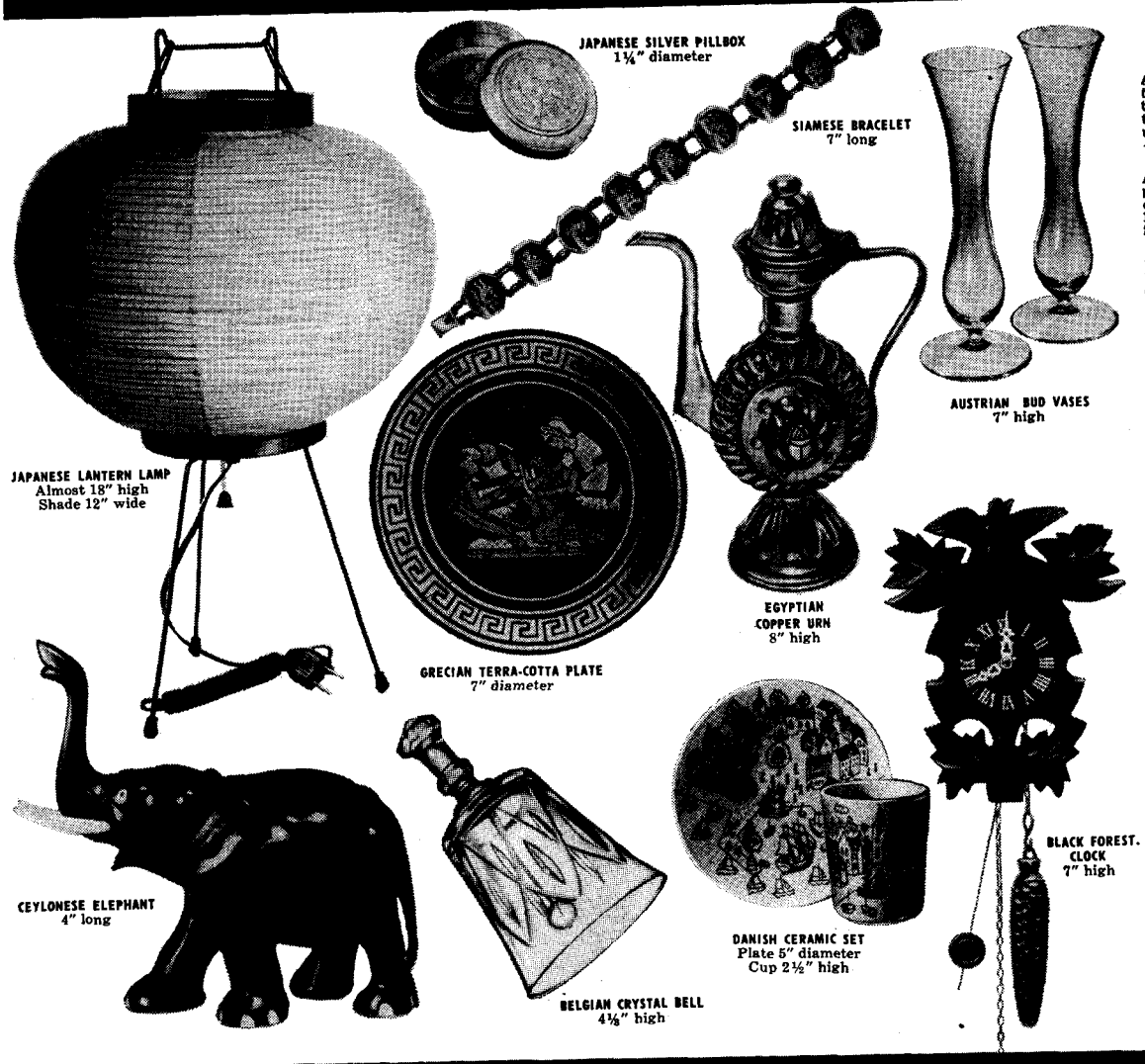

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CEYLONESE ELEPHANT
A fascinating elephant statuette, hand-carved from mahogany by the "family" wood-carvers of Ceylon. A "conversation-piece" for your home.

BELGIAN CRYSTAL BELL
This unusual objet d'art, hand-blown of pure crystal, stands over 4⅛" high and has an exquisite ringing tone. Engraved by Belgium's greatest artists.

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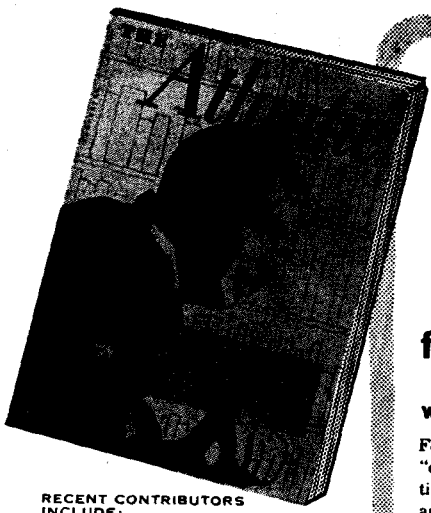

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in a series of ludicrous situations. Gags are substituted for humor, cartoons for characters, frenzy for action. "I Love Lucy" has been the model for a score of lesser exercises, in which the men are halfwits, the women zanies, and the suburban interiors the lairs of a silly and tasteless breed. It appears now that the public has had enough. Most of the programs are being withdrawn.

The public is beginning to have enough of blacklisting, too. Growls are arising on all sides at groups like Aware, Inc., which purport to combat Communism in the entertainment industries by supplying lists of performers and writers with "front" associations. Before long the growls will lead to a long overdue documentation of the harms and injustices done by such lists and presumptions, and of the cowardice inherent in those agencies, networks, and unions that have not only tolerated but made use of them.

A third good thing is that the raging controversy of toll TV versus sponsored TV is gradually forcing the latter to produce some of the goods that the former promises: whole plays, old or new, and whole movies, new. Next season we are promised, for instance, the complete Olivier *Richard III* and a musical with Noel Coward and Mary Martin.

The only cloud in this rosy sky is a new movie-projection system called Circarama. This throws pictures simultaneously on eleven screens encircling the viewer, who is promised a remarkable sense of "participation." There must be a better word for this total envelopment, but we are too unnerved to produce it.

Another speck in this rosy picture, perhaps even more ominous, is the rumor that Liberace has been approached to play the title role in a picture on Franz Liszt. Now, if we could only get Marilyn Monroe to do Emily Dickinson . . .

Twinkle, Twinkle

On July 29, President Eisenhower announced that the United States is in a position to launch its own satellites into outer space. *The Reporter* has not yet completed plans for its interplanetary edition; details later, perhaps.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

(Having received an unusual number of letters commenting on the article about the New Conservatism in our June 16 issue, we are devoting extra space to the subject in this issue. In order to give Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and his opponents more room to square off against each other, we have not included any of the many letters from those who simply agreed with his critical evaluation of the New Conservatism.)

To the Editor: Since Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s, article "The New Conservatism: Politics of Nostalgia" (*The Reporter*, June 16) is aimed largely at Russell Kirk and his brand of Tory conservatism, it calls for no elaborate comment from me. I will content myself with three points in explanation of my own position:

1. It is, indeed, as Mr. Schlesinger remarks, "hard to tell" why I style myself "a conservative rather than a liberal"—especially since I have never styled myself one way or the other. When I make up my own mind whether I am a conservative liberal or a liberal conservative, I will let you know. In the meantime, set me down as a mixture of Case Republican, Lausche Democrat, Corwin constitutionalist, Lippmann moralist, and Niebuhr realist. As I confessed in my book, I am "caught up in the current revival" of conservatism, but my line of intellectual descent goes back, not to Burke, but by way of Charles Evans Hughes, the first Roosevelt, Lincoln, Webster, and John Quincy Adams to John Adams and George Washington. Like the last three of these conservative worthies, my love for Jefferson is strong and understanding; my aim, quite unlike that of the Burkean conservatives, is to sober and strengthen the American liberal tradition, not to destroy it.

2. I confess to a good deal more faith in the enlightened conservatism of the business community, or rather of its saving remnant, than does Mr. Schlesinger. The good words and works of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Henry Ford II, Irving Olds, Frank Abrams, Grenville Clark, Meyer Kestnbaum, and Marion Folsom should be enough to refute Mr. Schlesinger's dogmatic assumption that nothing like the aristocratic spirit can ever arise in plutocratic America.

3. I drive an unassuming Ford, not an unassuming Chevrolet. After all, who ever heard of the Chevrolet Foundation?

CLINTON ROSSITER
Ithaca, New York

To the Editor: Very generally speaking, my point of view is that any society must have leaders; and if we do not recognize or allow an aristocracy, then we shall have an oligarchy. An aristocracy is not necessarily "feudal," though property in land is one of the best supports of true aristocracy. In any nation, the people who believe in the Republic must do their best to form a high and responsible leadership from what materials that nation has at hand. So far as men of business form a great element in our society, we need to give them responsibility and teach them responsibility; I think Mr.

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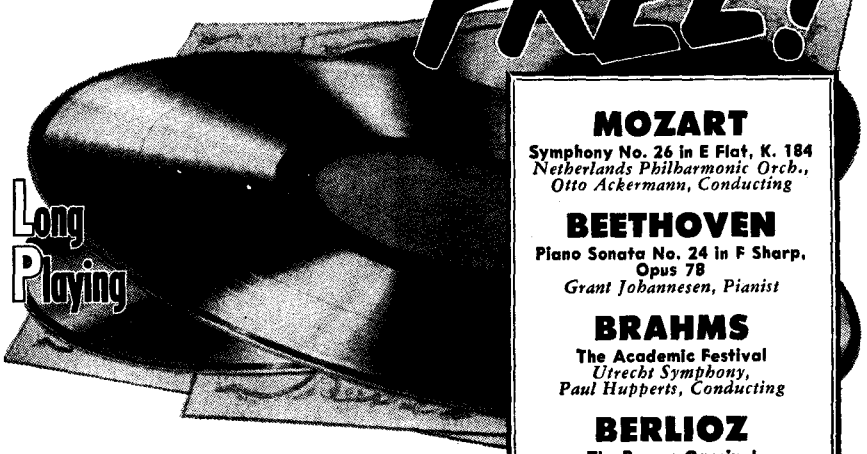

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Schlesinger has a doctrinaire dislike of merchants and manufacturers inconsonant with some of his other principles, and ought to recall Dr. Johnson's observation that a man is seldom more innocently occupied than when he is engaged in making money.

But (as I have pointed out at greater length in my *Program for Conservatives*) businessmen are only one element in a responsible leadership for this country. More important in many ways, are our lawyers, who—as Tocqueville observed—form an institutional aristocracy; and we ought not to forget the powerful conservative influence of our old families, our voluntary associations, and our agricultural interest. If we deny such people the right to leadership, just where shall we find leadership? Shall we create an élite by "education," like the Nazis and Communists? Shall we encourage that ominous class of rootless persons whom Orwell describes in *1984* as the masters of the new order, "shaped and brought together by the barren world of monopoly industry and centralized government" and "made up for the most part of bureaucrats, scientists, teachers, journalists, and professional politicians?"

As for Mr. Schlesinger's theory that conservatives ought to be some sort of humanitarian collectivists, I think he knows very little about Burke and less about Disraeli. If he will take the trouble to read Burke's "Thoughts on Scarcity," he will find that Burke understood the necessity for a free economy much better than most modern professors of economics; while he attributes to Disraeli all sorts of notions which would surprise very much "the old Jew gentleman sitting on the top of chaos."

I am sorry to say—for I like much of what Mr. Schlesinger writes—that he sometimes falls into a trick of misrepresenting the stand of his opponents; and he ought to guard against this, I think, because precisely such tactics have been employed against Mr. Schlesinger himself very unfairly. In his *Reporter* article he implies that I endorse Senator McCarthy by quoting out of context a sentence from an article of mine in *Confluence*—when in fact I am endorsing only a particular passage in *McCarthy and his Enemies*, and endorsing that only with reservations. I think we ought to be particularly careful, in these times, not to deal with grave matters as if we were merely exercising debating-society tricks. The truth is hard enough to get at without playing games around its edges.

RUSSELL KIRK
Mecosta, Michigan

To the Editor: Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s discussion of the New Conservatism from the myopic perspectives of economic determinism failed completely both to define conservatism and to describe the sort of people who are likely to become conservatives. The New Conservatism is a "politics of nostalgia" only to those who insist that all political philosophies are basically economic rather than religious and moral. If conservatives continue to speak in religious and moral terms and liberals continue to speak exclusively in economic terms there is bound to be confusion. Since, however, Mr. Schlesinger was carrying the battle to the enemy he should have been certain of what position the enemy held.

If conservatism is defined, as it should be, in religious and moral terms, it is obvious that Mr. Schlesinger's contention that there is no class basis for the new conservatism is simply silly. The leaders of the new conservatism are not now, nor will they be, identified with the American business community. They are clearly identified with natural law philosophy and revealed religion. The seat of the new conservatism is not an hereditary aristocracy which America lacks, but the Churches and theological faculties which are playing an ever more important role in American life. If Mr. Schlesinger is seriously interested in the sources and strength of the New Conservatism he might carefully examine the revival of religious orthodoxy in the United States. It would then become evident, even to an economic determinist, that conservatism is something more than "the politics of nostalgia," to be carelessly lumped together and discarded along with other outmoded bourgeois prejudices.

STEPHEN J. TONSOR
Ann Arbor, Michigan

To the Editor: I must take exception to Mr. Schlesinger's statement that we "must accept the brutal fact that the only possible executor of a conservative tradition in American political life is the American business

community." The business world has received so much abuse from various groups who hold the anachronistic view that it entirely supports "laissez-faire dogmatism" that I feel called upon to defend the enlightened segment of the business community.

Business is slowly but surely moving away from laissez-faire dogmatism. The vanguard is of course moving much more rapidly and much further than the main body, but there are many business leaders who are determined to find better operational balances between the various interests in the economic and social world—businessmen who are as concerned with humanitarian reforms as anyone in any field.

Such businessmen recognize that all groups in American life have rights and needs and are interested in promoting these. However, they must be somewhat resentful at being branded as traditional conservatists by these other groups.

They can point out the conservative tendencies in farm leaders who demand continual high fixed subsidies in the form of parity payments, in labor leaders who insist upon weighted bargaining advantages and do not allow secret ballots for their members, in politicians who cling to their city machines, in bureaucrats who build up their bureaus with personnel and functions far beyond the original intent of the enabling legislation, in collectivists who cry (in the interest of the people) for a more authoritarian central government and more industries to control in competition with private businesses. They recognize that there are enlightened leaders and members in these categories who decry these tendencies also, and they like to believe that all such enlightened persons are the nearest approach to true liberals.

JOSEPH W. WILKINSON
San Francisco

To the Editor: In James Reichley's article, "Young Conservatives at Old Harvard," (*The Reporter*, June 16) we read about the polemical, humorous (at least, in retrospect) side of politics of Harvard New Conservatism. There is another side, however—more serious, more consciously seeking, much more in the Harvard tradition.

What is it that the Harvard New Conservative believes? He believes, first of all, that the mind and heart of man dwells within the framework of Divine Law. He believes that society owes the individual the safeguarding of certain rights, which are best preserved by firm limitations upon governmental authority. He believes that the individual, in return, owes society certain duties, best performed by respect for properly constituted authority. Then, he believes that among the chief means of regulating the balance between society and the individual is a judicial system, the forms and decisions of which are scrupulously observed.

Further, the New Conservative at Harvard believes that the right to private property is fundamental to a truly free society, and that this idea is best expressed today by the principles of free enterprise.

In conservative theory, New Conservatives at Harvard read Kirk, Rossiter, Viereck, Lippmann—Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas (again, and perhaps more carefully) in their spare time—and this does not include the time spent at Radcliffe or Wellesley.

In conservative practice, the New Conservatives might look to the late Senator Taft, and today, to his worthy successor, Senator Knowland, whom I personally regard as the "first flower of their wilderness, star of their night."

WILLIAM C. BRADY
President
Harvard New Conservative Club

To the Editor: No accomplishment of conservatism has been plainer to date than its effect on current liberalism. The effects of conservatism can be seen in Mr. Schlesinger's own belief in "moderate pessimism," in his rejection of centralized state planning, in his belief in moderate change tempered by the cooling hand of experience—all of which he has made clear elsewhere but not in his article "The New Conservatism."

PAUL BIXLER
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Mr. Schlesinger Replies:

To the Editor: I should say first of Mr. Kirk that he deserves respect because in large measure he created the New Conservative debate and because his writings have raised basic issues about American society, even if, in my judgment, these issues are sometimes seen out of context. He deserves high credit, in short, for stirring Americans to think—though I suspect he has had more effect in stimulating liberals to re-examine their presuppositions than in persuading conservatives that they have some.

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One can hardly disagree with Mr. Kirk, of course, when he says that any society must have leaders. "There is," as Jefferson said, "a natural aristocracy among men." But Jefferson added, "The grounds of this are virtue and talents." He did *not* add, "The grounds of this are being a lawyer, a businessman, or a member of an old family; and not being a bureaucrat, scientist, teacher, journalist or professional politician." I fear that Mr. Kirk's notion of a leadership class based on an institutional "right to leadership" would not permit what Pareto called the circulation of the élites, without which any society is doomed to rigidity and stagnation.

As for Burke and Disraeli, I certainly did not mean to give the impression that they were members of Americans for Democratic Action. But it would be equally misleading to give the impression—as New Conservatives sometimes do—that they were disciples of Hayek and Von Mises who would virtuously spurn all forms of state intervention.

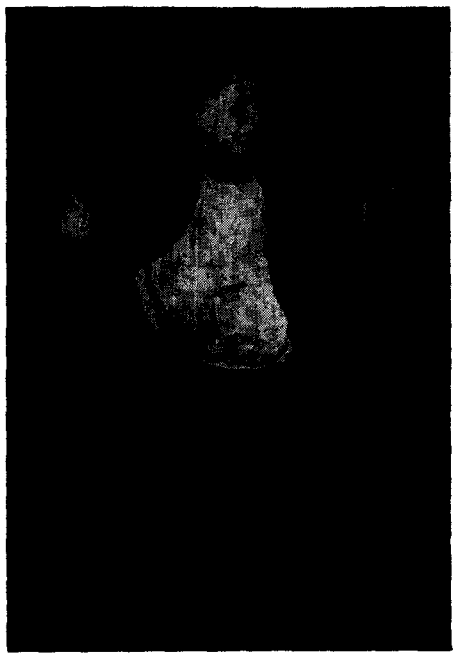
With respect to McCarthy, I accept, of course, Mr. Kirk's disclaimer. But he must not blame me for having been misled when the passage he chose to endorse from *McCarthy and his Enemies* contained the lines, "As long as McCarthyism fixes its goal with its present precision, it is a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks."

Mr. Tonsor suggests that the New Conservatism should not be regarded as primarily a political or economic movement. This may well be so; but moral and cultural movements which concern themselves with issues like the school-lunch program, "desocializing" the TVA, or McCarthyism can hardly escape politics. My complaint was not the loftiness of New Conservative aspirations but rather the fact that when they descend to politics and economics their positions are so often indistinguishable from those of Senator John W. Bricker. (Indeed Senator Bricker in his commencement address this year at Ohio University identified himself with Mr. Kirk, Burke, Irving Babbitt, and Professor R. A. Nisbet.) Mr. Brady illustrates the general point by veering dizzily in his letter from the invocation of noble principle to the identification of Senator Knowland as the *beau ideal* of Young Conservatism.

Mr. Wilkinson first objects to the suggestion that the business community must be the executor of a conservative tradition and then seems to contend that it might not be such a bad idea after all. Of course, there are many liberal and responsible businessmen and many conservative and irresponsible farm leaders, trade unionists, etc. It still seems obvious that the weight and thrust of business influence are conservative in the sense that, benefiting from the existing order more than most other groups, businessmen have less interest in changing it.

As for Mr. Bixler's curious suggestion that my belief in "moderate pessimism" shows the influence of the New Conservatism, I would commend to him the last four pages of *The Age of Jackson* (1945) which advocated a pessimistic liberalism some years before the New Conservatives came out of the wilderness.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
Cambridge, Massachusetts



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ONE ASPECT of the competition between long-distance trucks and railroads has aligned two public relations groups against each other, and **Robert Bendiner's** study of this extreme yet not entirely untypical conflict throws some light on the whole question of public relations. The public relations men are always trying to see how their new profession can be made responsible through self-discipline. For the time being, it seems to us that the interests of the profession, its clients, and the public can best be served by full disclosure of how the public-relations calling functions. The main responsibility for full disclosure belongs to the press. Of course the publication of a single article is not enough, and we shall return to the subject. Robert Bendiner is a free-lance writer whose article "The Age of the Thinking Robot, and What It Will Mean To Us," appeared in our issue of April 7.

Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips (U. S. A., Ret.), military analyst for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, shows what we would gain if the Russians were to accept President Eisenhower's proposal for reciprocal air photography and what this nation has gained already by making the offer.

One can hardly overestimate the dangers of the troubled situation in Morocco—and not to France alone. **John K. Cooley** has lived in Casablanca all through the rising tension of the last few months.

While still living, Charles de Gaulle has entered the category of timeless personalities. Not only has he fulfilled unique functions in the history of his country but he has now given a memorable account of his performance by writing his memoirs. (*The Call to Honor*, to be published here in English by *Viking* this fall.) **Edmond Taylor,** who writes regularly for *The Reporter* from Europe, feels that these memoirs go far to explain why the General is still a power in politics despite his self-imposed retirement.

Warner Bloomberg, Jr., sociologist and steelworker, reports on the briefest strike in the history of the steel industry.

Jerome D. Luntz, editor of the McGraw-Hill publication, *Nucleonics*, analyzes the rather fitful course our nation has been following in developing the peaceful uses of the atom. For some Americans the atom is a thing they would be happy to forget entirely; for many it is thought of as a wonderful source of gadgets, particularly military. Our development of atomic energy for peacetime purposes has not been spurred as it has been in Great Britain by a need to find new sources of electrical power. How does our progress in this field compare with that of other nations? The answer may not be entirely reassuring.

HAVING VENTURED to deal with our national pastime in terms of psychoanalysis ("Dr. Freud Coaching At Third," April 21), we return to baseball in terms of that forbidding science geopolitics. For **Charles Einstein,** who helped Willie Mays to write his autobiography, *Born to Play Ball*, geopolitics indicates that the country needs more major leagues.

Elizabeth Sprigge, author of the novel *The Old Man Dies*, has just completed an extensive trip collecting material for her biography of Gertrude Stein, which will be published by Harper & Brothers in New York and Hamish Hamilton in London.

John Kenneth Galbraith is professor of Economics at Harvard. His most recent book was *The Great Crash, 1929*.

Our appreciation of the French Catholic philosopher, Jacques Maritain, is by **William Lee Miller,** the author of "Some Negative Thinking About Norman Vincent Peale," (*The Reporter*, January 13).

The cover is by **Tack Shigaki.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 13, NO. 2 **AUGUST 11, 1955**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2
THE MIRACLE—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

Railroads, Trucks, and Public Relations

THE 'ENGINEERING OF CONSENT'—A CASE STUDY . . . . *Robert Bendiner* 14

At Home & Abroad

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S GENEVA PLAN . . . . . *Thomas R. Phillips* 24
MOROCCO: FRENCH VS. NATIVES, AND NOW FRENCH AGAINST FRENCH . . . . . *John K. Cooley* 26
CHARLES DE GAULLE AND THE SUMMONS OF HISTORY . . *Edmond Taylor* 32
FIVE HOT DAYS IN GARY, INDIANA . . . . . *Warner Bloomberg, Jr.* 36
IS THIS THE YEAR OF THE PEACEFUL ATOM? . . . . . *Jerome D. Luntz* 39

Views & Reviews

THE GEOPOLITICS OF BASEBALL . . . . . *Charles Einstein* 43
GERTRUDE STEIN'S AMERICAN YEARS . . . . . *Elizabeth Sprigge* 46
Movies: THREE LOVES GONE WRONG . . . . . *Robert Bingham* 52
THE TWISTED HISTORY OF OUR 1930's . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 54
A THOMIST IN THE MODERN WORLD . . . . . *William Lee Miller* 56

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I was making a survey the other day about the choice of books for "hammock reading," when I turned up the interesting fact that people aren't reading in hammocks any more.

So I switched my inquiry from "what" to "where" people read in the summer, and I learned that readers these days like to get out of the shade and into the sun, where they can tan their bodies while cooling their minds.

It's true that those I talked to lived around New York City, but among them were persons from places like Santa Barbara, South Bend and Syracuse, and none of them had ever read in hammocks or known anyone who had.

Perhaps we're in the midst of a cultural revolution, a changeover from "hammock reading" to "beach chair reading." I'd be interested in knowing your experience in this important matter, and I'll be glad to pass along the information to the authors of "The Lonely Crowd."

Meanwhile, regardless of where people read this summer, it's certain that a large proportion of them are reading Lionel Shapiro's novel, "The Sixth of June," a story about an American soldier and a British girl, which comes to a dramatic conclusion during the invasion of France.

Written by a Canadian, it contains some affectionate and perceptive comments on British-American relations, as well as some of the smoothest reading I've seen in many a day.

Get a copy for your summer reading place, and, whether you're in a hammock or not, you'll definitely be in the swing.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Sixth of June," by Lionel Shapiro ($3.95) is the latest Book-of-the-Month Club selection. "The Lonely Crowd" is available in a 95¢ Anchor Books Edition. Both are published by Doubleday & Company, and may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 526 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Correspondence on "hammock reading" should be addressed to L. L. Day, Dept. R, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22.

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The Miracle

And yet it happened: There was a miracle at Geneva. There is no trace of miracle in the fact that the leaders of Soviet Russia and the West did not indulge in any verbal equivalent of spitting in each other's eye, nor is there proof of supernatural visitation in the Four-Power document that concluded the Conference. The miracle was strictly an American one, evidenced by the U.S. delegation. It was wrought upon the same men who, before reluctantly going to Geneva, had summoned all their skill as devil's advocates to forewarn the nation against the illusion that anything extraordinary, or to any extent momentous, could be expected to take place at Geneva.

Yet, in spite of all the mobilized anti-miracle squads of the American Government and of the American press, it happened. We are freed now from the horrible servitude the Russians had imposed on us: that of being the main guarantors of that condition of no-war, no-peace which the Russians had first introduced into the world at the end of the war and then confidently had entrusted to our care.

It must be admitted that our government, both under Republican and Democratic leadership, did a good job at that. It hated this role, but couldn't help playing it: Nothing else could be done. It could only arm and arm, producing in ever-increasing quantity weapons it dreaded to use. Even the growing realization that the weapons we as well as the Russians possessed would result in planetary suicide, even the awareness, as the President has said that "there is no longer any alternative to peace," was not enough to stop the drift. For what was *this* peace to which we were stuck without alternatives? We could scarcely counteract international Communism with a Deminform. We, the least empire- or revolution-minded of all peoples, found ourselves pitted against the most imperialistic, revolutionary power that has ever set out to subjugate the world.

Since 1945, there have been several attempts at peaceful settlement with the main Communist empire. But the armament race in which we were forced to engage after the Korean aggression in 1950 had resulted from the conviction that attempts at peaceful settlement with the Communists were futile. The armament race, of course, increased tension, and tension made the prospects for peaceful settlement even more remote. We could not trust peace, and we could not trust war. This double nihilism suited the Russians' scheme for long-protracted or—as Trotsky put it—permanent revolution. For a nation like ours, this nihilistic policy was a product not of malice but of despair. The Russians, on the other hand, could well indulge in their "peace offensives" while arming as fast as we did—or faster, as their recent production of warplanes showed.

At Last We Spoke

There can be no explanation for miracles, for if the causes that bring them about could be traced, there would be no miracles. All one can do is to gather some evidence as to the fact, and from this viewpoint perhaps the best possible evidence that a miracle occurred at Geneva can be found in the statements of Secretary Dulles, who notoriously was the Doubting Thomas of the American delegation. Back from Geneva, he said at his first news conference, "We believe that the principle of non-recourse to force is valid not merely for the United States and its allies, but that it is valid for all."

Mr. Dulles, a man quite conversant with legal and political theories, may perhaps sometimes be inclined, like many professional theorists, to give an over-forceful formulation to his ideas. Yet even granting this, it is certainly astonishing that the man now propounding the non-recourse-to-force principle is the same man who, not so long ago, formulated the theory of instant, massive retaliation against Communist aggression, and never defined the kind of aggression that called for retaliation "instantly, by means and at places of our choosing." Is it possible that Secretary Dulles has moved from an eye-for-an-eye-and-tooth-for-a-tooth position into one near Gandhi's?

What happened to Secretary Dulles is that—like other members of the American delegation, and first of all, the President—he realized at Geneva that we can talk peace without fear of helping the Russians or of precipitating war. He said in the same press conference: ". . . for the predictable future, we can subject our differences to the patient processes of diplomacy with less fear that war will come out of them." Until Geneva,

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the plight of our diplomacy, or rather the reasons why we did not have much of it, came from our feeling—not without foundation—that negotiations with the Communists on any subject, be it disarmament or Germany, entailed most certainly a waste of time, and probably the risk of war. During these last ten years, no wound opened in the international community has ever been healed, anywhere. This is true even where Communism was not involved, as in Palestine and Kashmir. Ours has been the era of the progressive debasement of what used to be called peace, the era of permanently precarious armistices and cease-fires.

No wonder the diplomatic colloquy between ourselves and the Russians was reduced to an exchange of roars and the flexing of muscles. Again, the Russians thrived on this state of things. They did not lack countless mouths speaking lies for them all over the world, while we were tongue-tied.

At Geneva we found our tongue. We had things to say, and a world-wide audience hung on our words. Whatever was said by our leaders is far less important than the fact that we could speak freely, and that the response to what we had to say was overwhelming. It was a response to specific demands, compellingly asked of our representatives by the public opinion of mankind. At Geneva, our delegation found out that it could talk peace about fairly specific and crucial problems, such as Germany, the satellites, the reduction of armament, or international Communism, without either serving Russia or risking war with it.

At Geneva it happened that the vaguely idealistic, somewhat vaporous expressions of international goodwill voiced by our President generated a universally felt, irreversible reality. Our President is fond of talking about a new spirit, moral forces, power of good. What he says in this vein usually carries, for it has a ring of obvious sincerity. But at Geneva something more happened. Over and over again, the President spoke about "a new spirit that will make possible future solution of problems which are within our responsibilities," new frameworks within which hitherto insoluble conflicts may be tackled and disposed of. At Geneva these ideas did something more than carry. They took. The spontaneous rhetoric of Ike Eisenhower turned immediately into a hard, durable fact on which it will be very difficult for Communist trickery or American politicians' shilly-shallying to make a serious dent. This was the miracle of Geneva.

That Man Eisenhower

We can only guess at some of the causes that brought this thing about. Certainly it helped that both we and the Russians found ourselves standing in a position of strength. The attitude of our two major allies, who needed orientation but not orders from our government, greatly contributed to give solid backing and concreteness to the President's exhortations. But unquestionably and most of all, there was in Geneva the irresistible pressure—inarticulate yet unmistakable—of the human race, which does not want to court extinction for the sake of verifying ideologies.

The consideration of all these complex or universal forces in no way must detract, however, from the personal credit which is due to the President. There is an element of greatness about him, a power for creating some kind of unity and of harmony among people he is associated with, no matter how broad the association may be. Indeed, it may be said that the broader his sphere of action and the greater the multiplicity of elements, the more effectively the peculiar talent of Ike Eisenhower functions. When, back from the NATO command, he set himself to harmonize the G.O.P. and took a my-party-right-or-wrong position, he was driven to crusade against fellow Americans whose patriotism he had no reason to question, and suffered in public promiscuous association with men beneath his contempt. But whenever he has acted as the leader of the whole nation, and particularly since the Republicans lost control of Congress, he has proven, for all the imprecision of his language, that there is still power of leadership in him on most specific occasions when leadership is demanded in the conduct of foreign affairs.

At Geneva he was at his very best. He did not crusade against Bulganin, Khrushchev, and company. On the contrary, he was so generous as to declare that these men were equal to him in their devotion to peace. He dealt with them as if they too, in spite of their militant godlessness, had a conscience. There was no surer means to bring them under his spell. Above all, in his own way, he gave voice to the common sense of mankind—which is exactly the role of our nation in this World.

NOW, HOWEVER, there is no time to waste. The miracle of Geneva, which the President, more than anybody else, embodied, is something quite alive and quite pressing. Geneva is only the beginning of a series of conferences. It marks only the very first step out of the deadly no-war, no-peace swamp, and for a long time to come the world will have to be satisfied with a patchwork of international settlements—each, it is to be hoped, less shaky than the one that went before.

Now American diplomacy, as Secretary Dulles has said, can start playing its role, no longer fettered by the desperate nihilism of the pre-Geneva era. It is a new and to a very large extent an unprecedented game that our diplomacy must play, and an enormous amount of thinking and doing is necessary if peace and freedom are ultimately to prevail in the world. However, it is good to think that there has been a beginning, and that the main role in this beginning has been played by our country and our President.

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The 'Engineering of Consent' —A Case Study

ROBERT BENDINER

BACK in the days of Ralph Waldo Emerson it was thought, at least by Dr. Emerson, that if a man built a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world would beat a path to his door. Today, thanks to public relations, we understand that the builder must first arrange for "the engineering of public consent" to mousetraps. Next he must acquire "earned recognition" for his particular model. And then, according to extreme practitioners, he must, if necessary, "create situations of reality" by setting up, for example, a National Citizens' Committee for the Urgent Capture of Mice.

As to the second of the three quoted phrases—all culled from the sober pronouncements of eminent publicists—there can hardly be any question of logic or propriety. To seek recognition for the merits of a product or an idea is clearly as inevitable as it is blameless, Dr. Emerson's theory to the contrary notwithstanding. But when it comes to "engineering" people's minds, the question naturally arises as to the moral mileage we have covered from The Public Be Damned to The Public Be Maneuvered.

Edward L. Bernays, father of the "engineering" line and one of the most vociferously idealistic men in the business, undoubtedly had in mind only proper objectives for his approach, presumptuous as its phrasing may sound, but the case study we are about to make shows what can happen when "opinion engineers" are given their head. It is a short step, it turns out, from wangling public consent to kidding the public into imagining its consent has already been given—a thought that Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., it would seem, daringly worked up to a whole creative system for manufacturing "situations of reality."

(P.R.) Men at Work

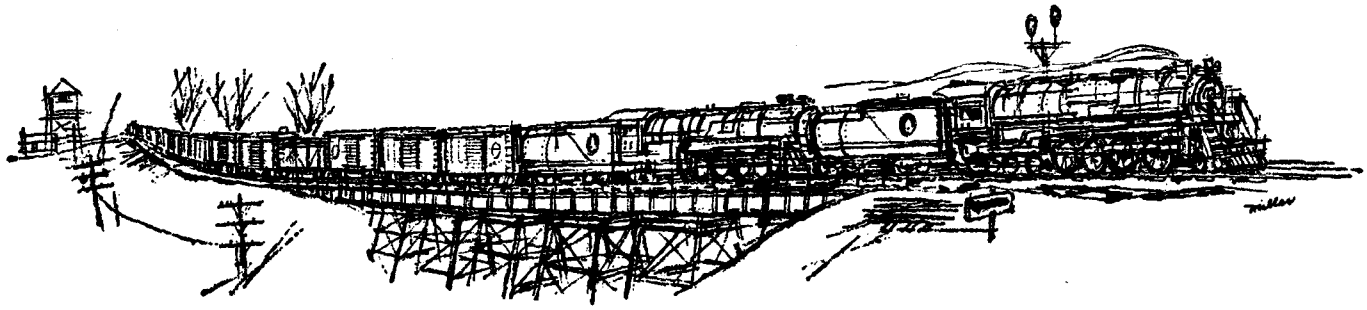
It is this system, with its overtones of modified Barnum, that underlies, colors, and gives public meaning to the $250-million anti-trust suit formally titled *Noerr Motor Freight, Inc. et al. v. Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference et al.*, but better known in the trade as the railroad-trucker brawl. Should this case ever come to trial in the United States District Court in Philadelphia, where it has long been at rest, it would doubtless sustain *Tide's* prediction of the "most hard-fought and bloody of the century's legal battles." But even in the event of a settlement, now strongly indicated, enough has spilled out in pre-trial skirmishes to afford a remarkably complete and lively panorama of public-relations men at work—at least one variety of the species.

There is no intent here to judge the case or to pass on the relative merits of hauling freight by rail or truck. Neither is it suggested that the "engineering" that went on in this celebrated battle is synonymous with public relations in general, though in varying degree its aspects are to be encountered elsewhere in the craft. To find them all together it was clearly necessary to pick an extreme case rather than describe a typical one.

Nonetheless, what gives the affair its special claim to attention is that the rival concerns—Byoir for the railroads and David Charnay's Allied Public Relations Associates for the truckers—are whirring dynamos in the business, that their clients are economic powers of the first rank, and that in their raucous clash not merely a public-relations firm is on trial but some of the commonly practiced techniques of public relations as well.

Victory at Harrisburg

On January 21, 1952, Pennsylvania's Governor John S. Fine faced a hard decision. Without his veto a measure called by its sponsors the "Fair Truck Bill" and by its opponents the "Big Truck Bill" would automatically become law. That outcome, the Governor knew, would not sit well with the railroads, traditionally a



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power in Pennsylvania politics roughly comparable to oil in Texas and sin in Nevada. On the other hand, both houses of the Legislature had passed the bill, which would have raised the weight limit for long-haul trucks allowed on the state's highways from forty-five thousand pounds to sixty thousand. Except for Kentucky, the Pennsylvania limit was the lowest in the country, far below that imposed by any of its neighboring states. The trucking business, smarting under the drastic curb, had itself become a force in the Pennsylvania capital, perhaps not as entrenched as exponents of the older form of transportation, but brasher, with considerable appeal to voters, and an ample supply of ready cash.

Caught in this crossfire of special interests, the Governor may well have acted on what he conceived to be the pure merits of the case when, six minutes before the deadline, he vetoed the weight-increase bill. If Governor Fine had been cross examined on the reasons for his action, he could certainly have made out an excellent case.

In the first place, the Maryland State Roads Commission was co-sponsoring a test of the relative damage done by various axle loads to concrete pavement, and with what appeared to be providential timing, an advance copy of an interim report had come to Governor Fine's attention. The tentative findings were hard on heavy trucks.

The Governor also understood that the Pennsylvania State Association of Township Supervisors, a quasi-official body, was all out against the "Big Truck" bill. Tens of thousands of postcards were pouring out under its imprimatur addressed to the car owners of the state, and it had produced a television program on the Maryland road test.

The Pennsylvania State Grange appeared to be equally aroused against the bill. Material had streamed out of its headquarters during the legislative battle, and the Governor must have known that the Grange had worked on state Senators, especially those from politically doubtful districts, to vote against the measure.

So insistent, in fact, was the opposition—even after passage of the bill—that the Governor felt obliged to hold public hearings two days before the deadline for his decision—and at those hearings the anti-big-truck witnesses had made an extremely impressive case.

How Spontaneous Can You Get?

The result of all this civic activity was the veto. *Vox populi* had been heard and heeded. Or so it seemed, for few persons outside the offices of Carl Byoir & Associates knew until much later:

¶That the public relations man of the Maryland State Roads Commission, which had co-sponsored the road test, had been advising the Byoir office, on an expense account, and was later to go on the payroll of Byoir's client, the Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference (E.R.P.C.), at $1,000 a month.

¶That those tens of thousands of postcards mailed out to motorists in the name of the Pennsylvania State Association of Township Supervisors had been prepared and mailed by the Byoir organization and billed to the E.R.P.C.

¶That during the fight for the bill, a Byoir lieutenant, according to his own subsequent testimony, made his headquarters in the Pennsylvania State Grange, whose literature was similarly drawn up by Byoir men and billed to the railroads.

¶Or, finally, that the impressive showing at the hearings was not the spontaneous plea of affected Pennsylvanians, but the carefully coached performance of Byoir-organized witnesses.

Allowing for a certain freedom from shyness essential to the profession, let Reynolds Girdler, then a Byoir executive, tell the story of the "CB&A team" in his own words:

"When January, 1951, opened, there seemed every reason to believe that the truckers would get their bill through, increasing the allowable weight to 60,000 pounds. The 17 railroads of Pennsylvania then started fighting. . . . They fought the bill for four months and then threw up the sponge. They reported to their superiors that they were licked. Even so the lobbyists in control of the railroad activity continued to oppose allowing the CB&A people to operate in Pennsylvania. Their superiors then thrust us down their throats."

Recommending a special award for C. Colburn Hardy, who commanded the Byoir forces in the Battle of Harrisburg, the interoffice memorandum continued:

"The team went to work in Pennsylvania beginning in June, 1951. Not only did they begin to generate publicity against the bill, but they were successful in getting a long list of organizations and individuals publicly to oppose the bill. Those organizations ranged from the CIO to the Pennsylvania State Grange. . . . Even after the bill was passed by both houses, clamor against the bill continued. . . . The CB&A team thereupon went out and organized twenty-one witnesses for twenty-one organizations against the bill. They prepared their statements and the publicity. . . Veto of this bill meant that some five million dollars worth of freight was retained on the Pennsylvania Railroad, because the trucking limit was not raised. This represented one of the most dramatic illustrations of the power of organized public opinion that anyone could hope to find. . . ."

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Instant, Massive . . .

The opinion may have been more organized than public (Mr. Hardy, the award-nominee, modestly dismissed this description of his efforts as "overenthusiastic"—"a sales pitch"), but the illustration was certainly dramatic enough. According to Edward Gogolin, general manager and first vice-president of the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association, the veto "triggered the industry" into action.

While the truckers had never been a retiring sort, it was clear now that massive retaliation was in order. It was not surprising, then, that in May, 1952, they engaged the services of David Charnay and his Allied Public Relations Associates. As the Pennsylvania truckers' president, Floyd B. Noerr, put it, "We were trying to find out who was stabbing us in the back, and then if we did find out, to pull out the dagger and bring suit."

The identity of the assailant could hardly have been as much of a mystery as all that. Certainly, Gogolin, Noerr's lieutenant, had a good notion since, as he was later to testify, "Practically every morning, to get to my office, I had to stumble over C. Colburn Hardy, the Byoir man, who was using the Grange office on the first floor of our building as his headquarters." Nevertheless, it was plain that Charnay's services were not being engaged merely to "engineer public consent" for the hauling of freight by truck. He was hired as well to do a detective job on a fellow publicist.

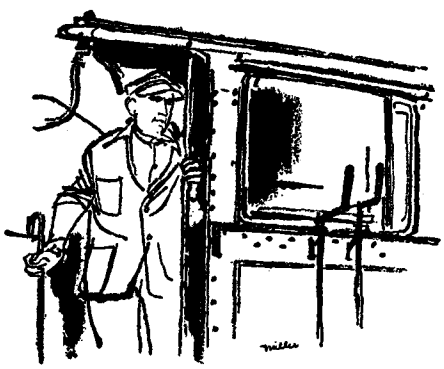
Enter Miss Saroyan

Long before the Governor's veto or Charnay's entry into the picture, the American Trucking Association was aware of the Byoir tactics against the long-haul truckers.

The reason for this was dramatic and simple. One day in July, 1951, a young lady named Sonya Saroyan, originally Sonya Jigarjian, walked into the American Trucking Association's Washington office to tell Walter Belson, its public-relations director, all about Life with Byoir.

After two years as secretary to the Byoir executive in charge of the Eastern Railroad account, Miss Saroyan – twenty-nine and variously described as "an attractive brunette" and "a very strange dish of tea"—had resigned or been fired, a point not easily determined. With her went a large packet of memos, reports, directives, letters, and releases, mostly carbons or copies she herself had made and which she therefore somewhat naïvely regarded as her "own property." All of it was intended to show how the art of public relations was practiced by her erstwhile employer. Belson accepted her offerings, along with two days of tape-recorded "testimony" at $50 a day, plus expenses. For nearly a year that seemed to be the end of Miss Saroyan's brush with adventure.

What her motives were cannot be pinned down with certainty, but, as often happens, they seem to have been a blend. Richardson Dilworth, chief of the truckers' legal battery when he was not engaged as Philadelphia's district attorney, explained that she "had become thoroughly disgusted with the methods being used in the handling of this account" and had therefore gone to the other side as a matter of conscience. Sonya



herself takes a somewhat less lofty view, explaining that she "very impulsively" walked out with the papers when she was bypassed for a promised promotion to the Tintair account.

At any rate, the truckers appear to have been extraordinarily slow to see the value of Sonya's contribution to their cause. At one point in the Battle of Harrisburg, Belson telephoned Gogolin to report that some pertinent material had been delivered to headquarters by an ex-employee of the enemy and to ask whether the trucking executive was aware of "certain things" going on in the state, more significant even than Gogolin's tripping over Hardy every morning on his way to work. Soon after, the Pennsylvania truckers dispatched an agent to examine the material in Washington and take notes. But it appears that if the Charnay organization had not taken over, the Saroyan dossier, in all its colorful detail, might have been left forever to gather dust.

Things Get Going

It was in April, 1952, that three officials of the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association called on David Charnay, an enterprising young man whose favorable impression on John L. Lewis had made him a major publicist, putting him in a position to ask the truckers, and to get, $36,000 a year, plus expenses, for his services. The sum was modest enough compared with the $150,000 a year the railroads were paying Byoir, plus expenses running up to $250,000, but still rather impressive for a man who only a few years earlier had been reporting nightclub doings for the New York *Daily News*. Besides the United Mine Workers of America account and a colorful and rewarding stint for the Nationalist Bank of China, Charnay had lined up such notable clients as Ballantine Beer and Eversharp. A man of versatile talents, he has managed to promote the fortunes of such diverse figures as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Richard Nixon, Robert F. Wagner, Vincent Impellitteri, and Louis E. Wolfson, the man who tried to take over Montgomery Ward.

In its preliminary phase the truckers' account was put in the hands of a former newspaper man named Henry Paynter, whose first order of business was to get a private detective on the track of Sonya Saroyan. She was located in New York, in May, and throughout the summer and fall, she says, Paynter and Charnay pressed her to release the material she had turned over to the American truckers office (which apparently would not yield it up to the Pennsylvania group otherwise), and to tell them more about the workings of the Byoir enterprise.

She was offered a job, according to her testimony, but turned it down. Eventually, as she tells the tale, she succumbed, on the understanding that the documents and her testimony—she had added an additional

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$1,050 worth—were to be turned over to a Congressional committee for investigation. Next thing she knew, she says, was the announcement in the papers of January 18, 1953, that the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association and thirty-seven trucking companies were suing the Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference, thirty-one railroads, thirty-four individuals (mostly railroad presidents and ex-presidents) and the public-relations firm of Carl Byoir & Associates.

"I have every reason to believe," wrote Sonya Saroyan less than a month later, "that the suit is based, in great part, on my testimony." Dilworth seemed to agree. When a railroad attorney offered to produce without subpoena certain items of interest to the truckers in exchange for the Saroyan papers, Dilworth is reported to have answered, "This would be like swapping a ticket to South Pacific for a Minsky burlesque ticket."

Cloak-and-Dagger Stuff

The Dilworth evaluation was probably accurate, but the truckers had other sources of information as well. In the fall of 1952, the Charnay office enjoyed the services of John G. (Steve) Broady, a private investigator who has since then added to his fame and drawn an indictment as the alleged "master ear" of a Manhattan wiretap ring. Paynter says that Broady's contacts were solely with him, rather than with Charnay, and the fruits of his efforts, whatever they were, were turned over directly to Dilworth. Both sides have complained of rifled files, and Dilworth charged that the Byoir firm had destroyed some of its own records rather than have them subpoenaed—a charge vigorously denied by Byoir.

ALLOWING for the natural exuberance of lawyers, especially in pretrial procedures, it seems reasonably clear that in a public-relations war anything up to and including piracy may well be expected. In any event, what emerged from the Charnay firm's preliminary labors, as refined by the distinguished Philadelphia law firm of Dilworth, Paxson, Kalish & Green, amounted to the following charge:

That the defendant railroads had

conspired, through vilification, slander, bribery, and assorted devices to drive the long-distance truckers out of business, with the objective of "carving out exclusive, monopolistic spheres of operation in the freight transportation business." To this end, the complaint ran, the Byoir firm had been hired and it "immediately initiated a vicious, corrupt and fraudulent campaign" to "obstruct, hamper and impede interstate transportation by motor vehicle," all in willful violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act. In its reply, the Byoir firm flatly denied these allegations.

Boiling down the charges as they related to Byoir, Dilworth at the pretrial hearings specified "misinformation . . . front organizations . . . distorted photographs . . . planting of stories . . . 'boilerplate' announcements . . . phony polls," and the like. To which Philip Price of the defense staff replied that much of the case seemed to be that the "defendants got together and called the plaintiff bad names."

Whether such activities as those alleged form a pattern that is vulnerable under the Sherman Antitrust Act may safely be left to the courts and the fullness of time, but the open discussion of these techniques, illegal or merely tricky, is of general interest to the public and of special interest throughout the whole hypersensitive realm of public relations.

Leagues and Foundations

If there is one obvious lesson to be derived from the railroad-trucker affair, it is that the fulsome interoffice memorandum is a luxury to be resisted. A specimen of the sort that prompted Dilworth to say he would guard with his life the collection of Byoir papers carted off by Miss Saroyan is this gem that Reynolds Girdler, the former Byoir executive, composed in 1949 to set the tactical line for promoting the firm's new railroad client:

"You can see from the foregoing that this account is utterly unlike the conventional one. *Here we do not have a client for attribution.* [Italics mine.] Of course we will release some stories under client attribution, but they will be of lesser propaganda importance than those we can generate from motorists, property owners, tax payers, farmers or women's groups. In sum, we not only have to create publicity ideas; we also have to go out in the field and create the groups and occasions so that those publicity ideas will become realities."

One of the groups they created, in the New York sector of the battle line, was the Empire State Transport League. When Girdler first testified about this organization, he modestly credited its formation to a small group of upstate New York businessmen. They were aided, he said, by Thomas Kiely, a Byoir man, but "only in the nicest kind of way," and besides the impetus was their own. Confronted, however, with a memorandum he had dashed off to his superior on the subject—another of the documents spirited out by the impulsive Miss Saroyan—Girdler freely admitted authorship. It read in part:

"We formed the Empire State Transport League in New York because we needed an organization that could legitimately mail all types of propaganda on the general subject of trucks and highways."

The League had an address, of course—11 North Pearl Street, Albany, it said on the letterheads—but no office that a Dun & Bradstreet

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investigator could locate. A public stenographer took the mail and, presumably, relayed it on to the Byoir office. But the organization did have a constitution and bylaws, and for reproducing copies of these, along with membership-application forms, the Byoir firm duly billed the Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference on December 9 and 12, 1949.

The League was then all set to send out releases, reprints, and other such material, none of which would have been quite so persuasive if it had had to bear some such imprint as "Carl Byoir & Associates, Public Relations Counsel to the Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference" instead of "Empire State Transport League."

David I. Mackie, chairman of the E.R.P.C., has insisted that ". . . the real issue is not between the heavy truck operators and the railroads, but between an informed and militant public and the highway freighters." The League, it seems, was just a slice of that informed and militant public boiled down to a letterhead.

ANOTHER SLICE apparently was called the "New Jersey Citizens Tax Study Foundation," which was launched just as the Byoir office was warming up the campaign against the truckers. Among its original incorporators was one C. Colburn Hardy, then commanding the Byoir railroad campaign on the Jersey front. As Hardy later testified, "This was a personal matter that I did as a citizen, similar to a great many other civic projects in which I happened to be interested."

It was odd, though, that at the pretrial proceedings fifteen canceled checks amounting to $3,700.58 were produced from the Byoir files, made out to Fred W. Goodwin, executive director of the Foundation. The E.R.P.C. was also billed for the Foundation's envelopes, letterheads, and releases, as well as for "contributions" by the Byoir firm.

Still harder to square with Hardy's purely civic role in the Foundation was the directive he addressed to his staff with all the characteristic candor of Byoir executives:

"We are also assisting in the formation of a new group: New Jersey Citizens Tax Study Foundation . . . ALL LITERATURE, ETC. from this group must be on plain paper and mailed from New Jersey."

Yet the Foundation solemnly turned out studies on highway finance and even conducted a poll

that showed the public fairly panting for a mileage tax on heavy trucks. "As a fact-finding group," said the covering release, "the Foundation takes no position, merely reports the results." With equal solemnity the Foundation later released to the press a letter to the New Jersey Motor Truckers Association denying that it was a "front" for the railroads.

The New Jersey Automobile Owners, Inc., was clearly not started by Byoir, having been incorporated back in 1938. But, testified Hardy, "I helped in reactivating" it. The pattern was similar to the relationship between Byoir and the civic-minded tax students. Again checks were produced from the Byoir files. Again the E.R.P.C. was billed for material put out in the name of the do-good organization. And again there was the unfailing memorandum. This one, also from Hardy, said:

"We are cooperating with an autoist group, New Jersey Automobile Owners, Inc. . . . This group sends out considerable literature. It MUST be mailed in New Jersey."

There was a further injunction: "Whenever any letter goes from the N.J.A.O., a copy MUST be mailed to Robert A. Fox, New Jersey Automobile Owners, Inc., 155 Evergreen Place, East Orange, N. J. . . ." A sensitive touch, perhaps, but it probably seemed only right and proper for Mr. Fox, as executive secretary, to be informed of what his organization was up to.

What's a 'Front'?

Practically every public-relations firm makes use of citizens' committees of one sort or another—and generally legitimate use. But as elsewhere in this business the area is cloudy, with only a shadowy line separating the relatively pure from the purely bogus. Thomas J. Deegan, chairman of the E.R.P.C.'s subcommittee on public relations, plays the ambiguity for all it is worth. Pressed by Dilworth, he expounded his views on fronts—"noble and ignoble":

" 'Front' can be the very evil one that we both talked about a moment ago, the Commy. 'Front' can be something as simple and genuine as Bing Crosby smoking a Chesterfield. 'Front' can be someone else with a co-interest saying the story that you are interested in, too, which, to my humble knowledge, is a perfectly genuine, proper thing to do. 'Front' has taken on even other connotations—Marilyn Monroe."

Gerry Swinehart, president of the Byoir firm and evidently far more active in the railroad account than Byoir himself, shrugged off the implications of the "front" technique altogether. "There may have been one or two instances where we organized groups," he said, "but those groups knew what they were doing." No one was fooled but the public.

Going My Way?

While few public-relations men share Swinehart's openly indulgent attitude toward the synthetic front, practically all of them endorse a close working relationship with what the trade calls "co-interest groups." In truth there would seem to be no reason why they shouldn't hitch a client's public-relations activities to the parallel program of another organization—as long as the thing is done openly. The rub is that it is not always, or even generally, done openly. Certainly not in this case.

The Grange, a good example of a co-interest group, was certainly operating in Pennsylvania before Carl Byoir & Associates were, and it continued to function there long after Messrs. Girdler and Hardy pulled out their "team." It was real and legitimate, but how independent it was in this particular campaign against the truckers is something else again. We have already indicated that a good quantity of the Grange's propaganda in that fight was created by Byoir men, though the Grange was not their client, and

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that printing, mailing, and other publicity charges were regularly paid for by their office. Weekly work reports from Hardy and his team, later cited at the hearings, indicate that the Grange's lobbying was supervised by, and even its letters written by, Byoir lieutenants:

June 28, 1951: "With Grange, set up special program to contact Senators in doubtful counties. . . Wrote material for Grange News Letter."

July 29, 1951: "Letters to editor from J. K. Mahood, Pennsylvania State Grange, to answer inaccurate charges of proponents of S 615 [the truck bill]."

May 9, 1952: "Hardy wrote letter from Master, Pennsylvania Grange, to accompany reprint of National Grange Monthly reprint."

June 27, 1952: "Mailing reprints over signature of Master of State Grange."

The Pennsylvania State Association of Township Supervisors similarly enjoyed the talents of the Byoir establishment, courtesy of the E.R.P.C., not to mention financial assistance. So, it appears, did the Citizens Tax League of Rochester, New York, and the Citizens Public Expenditure Survey of Albany.

It often happens that a potential co-interest group has to be subtly persuaded of its co-interest. In such cases, there is no substitute for the services of an eloquent member, and like all professional services these are not performed gratis. Such a "pro" par excellence is Mrs. Bessie Q. Mott, a veteran clubwoman, pamphleteer, and great-grandmother.

Questioning Swinehart at the pretrial hearings, Dilworth sardonically suggested that Mrs. Mott was "getting to be practically a regular" at profitable crusading. Yes, Swinehart agreed, "She works for a great many people. . . . She is a specialist in the field of reaching women's clubs, women's interests." Indeed she is, having given unstintingly not only to the railroads, but also to the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, when Byoir was fighting that chain's case in defense against the Justice Department, and, before that, to oleomargarine, which she served under the banner of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, Inc.

"But I don't take on a fight," says Mrs. Mott (Smith, '99), "unless it's something I believe in." However, the lines between her personal crusades and the interests of her organizations tend to get blurred. She is said to have allowed Byoir to pay for letterheads of the American Home Department of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs which showed Bessie Q. Mott as vice-chairman and were used to invite ladies to a forum likewise paid for by the Byoir office. A pamphlet under her signature, called "Are We Being Railroaded into Socialism?" is alleged to have been printed and mailed at Byoir's expense, though the author was carefully identified only with the Public Affairs Department of the Federation.

When the truckers formally complained in their suit that the lady was using her position as a platform for Byoir and the railroads, the president of the Federation could only concede to the press that as chairman of the public-affairs committee, Mrs. Mott had in fact issued antitruck propaganda and that the Federation had felt obliged to tell her to stop.

Mrs. Mott had been receiving $500 a month and expenses from Byoir. Canceled checks were produced to show that the civic-minded lady had drawn more than $7,500 for work on the railroad account. Evidently she was worth it, however, because when her name bobbed up again on the Byoir work reports, after a quiet spell, Swinehart inquired about her new activities. The answer, from staff-man Horace Lyon, was as follows:

"She is on retainer ($500 a month) for months of May and June ONLY —when the state and national Fed. of Women's Clubs and Bus. & Prof. Women's Clubs are holding their annual conventions, setting up next year's program plans, etc.—to do these things:

"1. Get our program guide on the need for a modernized national transportation policy published with the endorsement of the Nat. Fed. of Women's Clubs.

"2. Get transportation on the program agendas for next year. . . .

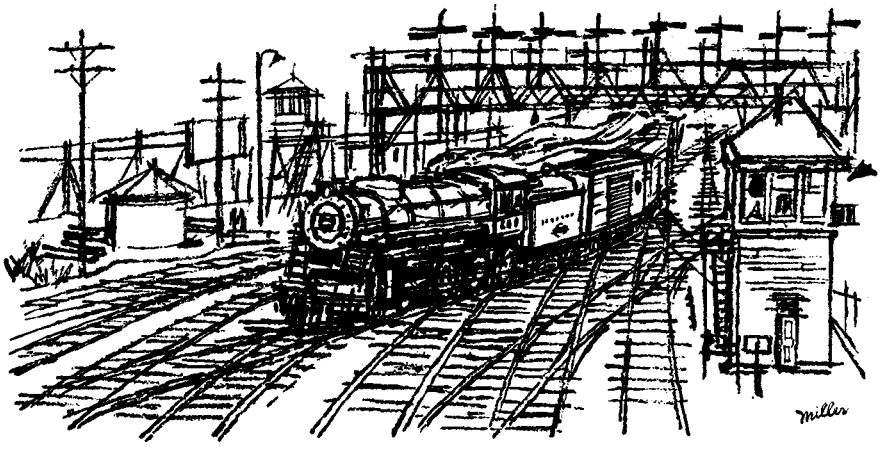
"We are getting results, and value, on both counts."

Byoir's own comment, as quoted by *Fortune,* was: "Sure we hired a clubwoman to get the women's clubs. What are we supposed to do? Hire a veteran to speak for women's clubs, and a woman to speak for veterans' organizations?"

The Role of Clinton Johnson

Inevitably, the spectacle of a Bessie Q. Mott manipulating women's clubs to the greater glory of a group of railroads has in it something of high comedy. Unhappily this element is lacking in the alleged working arrangements between the Byoir establishment and Clinton H. Johnson, public-relations agent for the Maryland State Roads Commission. The truckers' complaint uses harsh words and charges that Governor Fine's last-minute veto of the truck bill had been influenced by Johnson, who was in a position to have advance knowledge of the road test and who, at the same time, it said, had been receiving payments from Carl Byoir & Associates.

Johnson denied these allegations, but he conceded certain points that at least raise the question of propriety. Johnson's basic case is a simple one: He was not an employee of the State of Maryland but



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an independent contractor engaged to handle the public relations of the Roads Commission. His contract did not prevent him from engaging in other public-relations work as long as he did not let it interfere with his labors for the commission. Yes, he did make twenty to thirty trips to the New York offices of Carl Byoir & Associates, but his motive was to get their help in doing his job for the Maryland highway program.

At the same time, he gave the Byoir organization factual information about highway construction costs, overweight violations, and the like. At no time was he paid for services. Certainly he never took bribes nor did he misrepresent data or have any idea how the Byoir office got hold of the report on the road tests so far in advance of the general release. And, finally, he intended to bring suit against the truckers for libel and slander.

FROM Girdler's deposition we get a somewhat different perspective. Johnson did "interpretative and research work" for the Byoir office, he recalled, and was paid largely on the basis of the number of hours he put in. Girdler couldn't recall exactly the rate, and the arrangement does seem to have been pretty hazy all around. He recalled that amounts were given Johnson for expenses—Johnson confirmed this—without written statements, without itemizing, and often in cash. Girdler thought the expenses ran to $50 or $75 for an afternoon, night, and following day.

Hotel bills—Johnson usually stayed at the Biltmore—were often sent direct to Byoir. One of these, introduced as plaintiff's Exhibit P-65, covered a Labor Day weekend for Johnson and his wife, and must have been something of a bonus. Including theater tickets and meals, it came to $190.38. Johnson said it was for writing a free article for the Byoir firm—an article that, as it happens, never quite got finished.

In spite of Johnson's failure to remember payment for "services," several memos from Hardy to the bookkeeping department and at least one check bear the words "for research" or "services rendered." The sums were not high, but on January 1, 1953, Johnson went on a part-time basis with the Roads Commission and signed up as a consultant to the Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference for $1,000 a month. When plaintiff's counsel asked him, rhetorically enough, whether he considered this a "pay-off," his lawyer advised him not to answer. But he admitted that the Maryland Attorney General's office was investigating his relationship with Byoir while he worked for the Roads Commission and that as far as his state job was concerned, he was then on leave without pay. In a report later issued by the Attorney General's office Johnson was given a clean bill of health, but considered to have shown "poor judgment."

Accentuating the Negative

In the first of its many memoranda, in which it agreed to take on the railroad account, Carl Byoir & Associates laid down a few operating principles, to wit: The basic appeal must be directed not only to friends of the railroads but to motorists, conscious of hazards on the highway, and to taxpayers. Motorists are "ripe for action of some sort; but as yet they have not found a way to make

themselves vocal or to express their resentment in legislation. . . . It is our task to accelerate these spontaneously generated currents."

Accordingly, the magazine department was ordered to start work "on the long process of researching and writing major magazine pieces." The radio department was "alerted to write scripts and create events acceptable to networks and local stations." It is a subject, wrote Girdler, that should "give us plenty of scope for the ingenuity that distinguishes CB & A departments. . ."

Excerpts from early work sheets show the turn that this ingenuity took almost from the start:

"Production Department: 10/4 . . . Selecting pictures . . . featuring worst truck tragedy within the past year. . . . . "10/14 . . . Making layouts, selecting pictures, writing captions for Central States News Views featuring spectacular wreck near Gary, Ind., of large van-type truck. . .

"Radio Department: 10/21 . . . Securing radio script with mention of 'nasty truck driver.' . . ."

Not all the railroad people took kindly to this sort of thing. Walter J. Tuohy, president of the Chesapeake & Ohio, was sharply critical of an inter-office Byoir memorandum that read in part:

"At belated last, this is confirmation of my understanding of our conversations concerning the desire of the account . . . to portray truckers as evil, sinister wrongdoers. Actually, the proposed program fell into three categories. . . 1. An effort by me to create and sell scripts to existing dramatic programs with the trucking theme as basic plot, picturing the trucker as a law-breaker, etc. As we discussed, invariably to conform with network requirements the 'bad' truckers may have to be compensated for by 'good' truckers but the poison will still be there and the damage done. 2. We will make all possible efforts to enlist the aid of regular and free-lance writers to utilize the truckers as a 'heavy'. . . ."

William White, then president of the New York Central, testified that he had criticized some of these Byoir effusions as being in "an eager-beaver jargon that I didn't like."

On the other hand, Thomas J. Deegan, who besides being chairman of the E.R.P.C.'s public-relations subcommittee was vice-president in charge of the Chesapeake & Ohio's public relations, thought the stress on horror pictures perfectly proper because of the danger to the public

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from trucks carrying explosives. "Seeing the explosives truck photographed riding along the highway with nothing happening is interesting, perhaps, but certainly not striking," he remarked, "but seeing it exploded and children and mothers lying on the ground torn to bits brings one up short."

Of course, life in the publicity departments was not all melodrama. There were serious articles to be worked out with reputable writers for reputable magazines. To judge from a memorandum written by Patricia Lochridge, head of Byoir's magazine department, the firm was sometimes able to go rather far in the molding of articles. Staking a claim to one of the monthly awards that provide incentive in the Byoir establishment, Miss Lochridge wrote to a superior:

"Still a third nomination from the magazine department for the article, "You CAN Have Better Roads," which appeared in the April issue of *Country Gentlemen*. This was a cooperative venture pulling together the work of the account and the department in a year-long endeavor. . . . This was a difficult job to put across, entailing two complete rewrites of the article to satisfy both a pixie author and a difficult editor. This was accomplished without too much pain and the underlying philosophy of the . . . account came through in the final draft. . . ."

At the pretrial proceedings Dilworth was unkind enough to confront Miss Lochridge not only with her memorandum but also with a note assuring the writer of the article that "tomorrow John Connor will send you some additional money as a working fund." It was "purely expense money," Miss Lochridge explained, to pay the author for research expenses prior to the article's acceptance. On rereading the piece, she felt "it was very much of Emily [the 'difficult pixie'] and very little of me." As for the memo itself, she dismissed it as "flowery," especially the part about the underlying philosophy. Then she added, by way of explanation, "Well, gee, I wanted to get the prize that month."

IN MANY other ways the firm of Carl Byoir & Associates lived up to the dictum allegedly laid down early

in the game by Hardy that "all publicity and activity should come through third parties," that the firm would "provide a vast amount of information but, for the most part, its source should remain anonymous." Polls and surveys appeared under high-sounding names, but the financing and, in some measure, the phrasing of the questions, originated in the Byoir office.

A Byoir work report for May 29, 1952, includes such items as: "Hardy revised material for speech by H. A. Thomson, Township Supervisors" and "Hardy wrote editorial for Pennsylvania Association Township Supervisors Magazine, endorsing weight-distance tax." Sonya Saroyan swore that press releases issued in the names of prominent persons were written and distributed from the Byoir office, including one from the insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania, in which big trucks were blamed for an expected boost in automobile-insurance rates. And even the New Jersey Rural Letter Carriers Association, which had also been enlisted in the cause, complained that the Byoir office had framed a resolution for the country mailmen and then reworded it in the press release they prepared.

They work hard at Byoir's.

Resort to Law

Confronted with this feverish activity and broad assortment of strategems, the truckers, on Charnay's advice, fell back on the law. It is not for the observer to contend, as the defendants have repeatedly contended, that the suit was brought as a counterattack in a publicity war. Assuming the plaintiff's perfect good faith in going to court, however, we can still appreciate the considerable tactical advantages that have accrued to them as a result.

By the very nature of the action, the enemy was put on the defensive. The plaintiffs also had an opportunity to strike an injured but gallant air and, through a "situation of reality" of their own making, get some pretty colorful publicity.

Two months after the intermittent pretrial sessions got under way, Robert McCay Green, co-counsel for the truck operators, filed an affidavit richly summarizing the testimony given up to that time and replete with stories of false fronts, weighted polls, and the doing of such persons as the remarkable Mrs. Mott. Five thousand copies went out to members of the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association, the press, and interested outsiders. "Absolutely inexcusable," protested Byoir attorney R. Sturgis Ingersoll. But Dilworth blandly suggested that this was "obviously a protest inspired by your client, one of its happy ideas." Otherwise, he pointed out, the complaint would have been made to the court. Co-counsel Green added that by publicizing the document in this way, they had merely "kept the plaintiffs properly informed." And when Ingersoll sharply asked "Are the politicians in Ohio plaintiffs?" Dilworth settled for "This is too nice and too quiet a morning and we refuse to be needled."

It is true, of course that the doings of the truck operators and their publicists likewise became a matter of record, but because they had never put on anything like as intricate a campaign as their opponents and were not victimized by the disclosure of interoffice memoranda, there was much less for the railroad lawyers to work on. The

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latter were forced to make do with such scoops as the allegation that the truck operators had a war chest of $600,000, that they kept a hotel room in Harrisburg for "entertainment" (just as the other side did), and that even-handedly they doled out money to both parties shortly before elections.

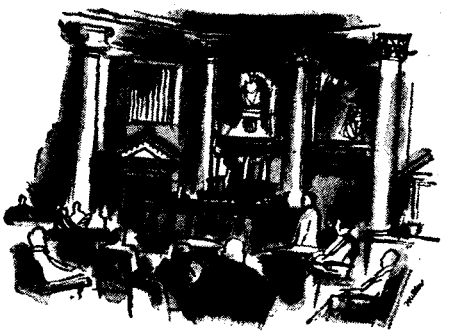
Edward Gogolin, the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association's general manager, didn't seem quite sure of the reason for this last custom. When Byoir's lawyer pressed the point that "nobody but a damned fool would bet a thousand dollars on each team" at a ball game, Gogolin agreed, but as to why the truckers did essentially the same thing, he could only explain, "Well, I've been told all big business did that." While the testimony may have rubbed some of the gloss from the truckers' shield, it was mild stuff when compared with the single admission from the other side that five members of the Pennsylvania Legislature at the time were on the payroll of the Pennsylvania Railroad, four of them on the Senate Highway Committee.

'The Best Iron Tonic'

The suit had, from the truckers' viewpoint, the further merit of providing another public review of the career of Carl Byoir, surely one of the gaudier records of the era. The slight, conservatively dressed man of sixty-four scarcely looked the part of one of the great press agents of history, patent-medicine entrepreneur extraordinary, publicist for such diverse clients as Machado, Masaryk, and the German Tourist Information Office of the Nazi era, and finally head of the largest public-relations firm in the world.

In perhaps needless detail, Dilworth dwelt on Byoir's medicine-man period in the 1920's, when he collaborated with one X. La Motte Sage, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., in the manufacture of Nuxated Iron. "The valuable blood, nerve force, and tissue-building properties of this preparation are due to organic iron . . . in combination with nux vomica," the label read. But the American Medical Association found less than four cents' worth of iron in a dollar bottle. Reminded of this finding by Dilworth, Byoir said, "That may be accurate," but it was still the best iron tonic on the market at the time. The trouble was with the distribution system, which he thought made such products too expensive. Another of his products was brought up —Seedol ("Natural Seed Bowel Tonic Works Wonders"). And furthermore, he had to defend his campaign in behalf of the A & P, which in 1946 cost him a conviction for conspiring to violate the Sherman Antitrust Act and a fine of $5,000.

Much of this line of questioning may have been irrelevant, as Byoir strenuously pointed out. "Ever since these depositions started to secure evidence," he complained, "that material has been used in many other ways by the Pennsylvania Truck Association to smear Carl Byoir." He added, rather wistfully it seemed,



that to attract greater publicity the truckers had gone so far as to spread a rumor that a "Jelke girl" was to figure as a key witness at the trial.

But the grilling did serve to put Byoir on the defensive, and that evidently was the purpose. He felt obligated to disavow some of the phrases attributed to his subordinates in the railroad-trucker fight. Explaining that he had not been very active on the account, he said, "I am not taking the position that nobody ever did anything they shouldn't have done." But he was not for firing anyone. "If someone you tried to train gets a little too bright, a little too smart or too ambitious, his education needs working on." Let the truckers say what they would, the fact remained that "integrity is the cement of our business."

Blessed Are the Peacemakers

In the nature of things, the suit so far has aided the fortunes of Carl Byoir & Associates considerably less than those of David Charnay. But ironically, a settlement would prove still better for the latter than an eventual trial in open court, even one that resulted in a smashing victory for the truckers. Charnay is in this enviable heads-I-win-tails-you-lose position for the simple reason that in spite of the suit he has for some time been publicly and privately promoting the notion that the two branches of the transportation business "must decide to live together competitively and at peace."

Tide reported some months ago that in certain quarters "he is being touted as an 'industrial statesman' " for having brought railroad men and truckers together in a Council of Eastern Rail & Truck Common Carriers (C.E.R.T. for short) which seems to have found a potential meeting ground in the development of "piggyback"—the transport of truck trailers on railroad flatcars.

Charnay claims to have made "overtures" for a get-together of this sort even before the suit was filed, and he told this reporter of having offered Walter S. Franklin, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the friendly tip that "While you two roll around in the mud, that drone you hear overhead is air cargo." Perhaps more eloquent are two simple facts concerning C.E.R.T. David Charnay is a member of the Council; Carl Byoir is not.

MEANWHILE, it is hardly possible to overlook the significance of what has been happening in Harrisburg in recent weeks. Once again, a bill to increase the weight limit for big trucks was put into the hopper. But instead of calling the Byoir men back into action again, the railroads almost immediately ran up the white flag. Associated Railroads of Pennsylvania, otherwise known as the railroad lobby, quickly announced that it would not oppose the measure. Its chairman, long one of the most trenchant foes of "big-truck" bills, did not exactly go all out for the measure, but it was plain that sweet reasonableness was the order of the day. "After a thorough study of the bill," he said, "we feel that it is reasonable in view of the laws of surrounding states." The bill was passed by the legislature and signed by Governor George M. Leader, Fine's successor.

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Should a settlement sprout in this altered climate, what will have been the net effect? Two firms will have demonstrated the power of public relations as it has rarely been demonstrated before—one almost singlehandedly defeated an important piece of legislation; the other stepped in and the bill was passed. The railroads and long-haul truck operators, neither of which has been made to look any better to the public as a result of their costly public-relations war, will have come to an understanding—after an enormous outlay of time, money, energy, and talent—that they almost inevitably would have reached anyway without benefit of public relations.

'What's Our Business?'

Whatever impact the railroad-trucker affair may have had on the principals or on the public, the publicity seems to have sent tremors through a calling already jittery with self-doubt. For in spite of a surface brashness, the public-relations industry in general is surprisingly marked by self-searching, ambiguity as to function, and an almost pathetic yearning for recognition by the American public.

The public-relations firm of Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy, one of the oldest and most respected in the field, recently felt obliged to call on an educator and researcher to solve a problem that had been bothering a good many public-relations men: "What's our business, anyway?" William G. Werner of Procter & Gamble, President of the Public Relations Society of America, has put out a booklet entitled "Can We Measure Up?" And a recent convention of the American Public Relations Association featured a panel discussion on the topic "Can a PR man's job be defined and respected?"

Yet alongside this introspective anxiety—whether or not in a causal relationship had better be left to others—go a bland assumption that public-relations men know best what is good for you; that their techniques can provide solutions to most problems, industrial, national, and international; and that they should, of necessity, be high in the councils of the Republic.

It is hard to read the trade organs of the craft without being struck by this somewhat inflated view. Does industry contemplate the introduction of atomic power? "It will require the best PR planning," says one agency official, "to fit this new development into the modern world." Is a new man taking over at the Voice of America? *Public Relations News* offers to "recommend the most highly qualified people in the country—the public relations professionals. They are peculiarly equipped with the special talents, training, and experience needed . . . to help fight the cold war and win the battle for peace." And when a high government post goes to a man recruited from a public-relations office, the fraternity indulges in solemn approval and self-congratulation in a way that would not occur to lawyers, preachers, or chiropractors.

Public-relations men are fond of viewing their function by analogy to other professions. Many see themselves as lawyers pleading before the bar of public opinion. A political member of the profession once spoke of promoting a major address by the President of the United States as "merchandising-in-depth."

Obviously, these comparisons are far afield. A lawyer is bound by rules of evidence and the restraining hand of the judge. An individual can buy a "merchandised" product or leave it alone, but a public policy successfully "merchandised" governs him whether he buys it or spots it for a fraud.

Actually this elaborate self-justification is a little bewildering to the layman who does not doubt that public relations has a legitimate and constructive role to play, one required by modern society. At its best it is a compiler and disseminator of useful information. More than that, it is increasingly a molder of policy in business and industry.

The more complex the community and the more varied the interests of the individual citizen, the more essential public relations becomes. Not only must institutions convey their purposes and merits to particular sectors of the public, but they must in return have the needs and desires of those they seek to interest conveyed back to them. The public-relations man is the interpreter in this two-way traffic of ideas—not only for railroad presidents and processors of cheese, but for university chancellors and yo-yo manufacturers, for Federal agencies and private trade associations, for aspiring aldermen and the governments of foreign states.

Perhaps it is this impression of mounting importance that gives some of the best people in the business a feeling of uncertainty, a sense that considerably more responsibility is in order.

As *Tide* commented, "Understandably, the pre-trial deposition-taking in the truckers' suit . . . has quite a few PR men wondering about ethics and behavior of the business."

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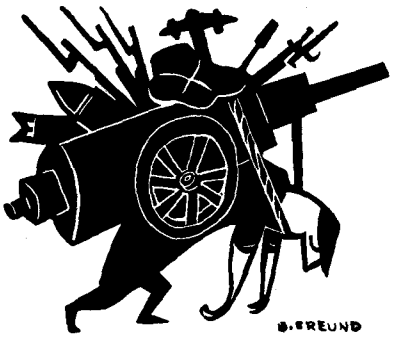

President Eisenhower's Geneva Plan

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General U.S.A. (Ret.)

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S surprise offer at Geneva July 21 trumped all the complex tricks and plays the Soviets had made about disarmament at the London conferences last February through May, and later at San Francisco and Geneva. It cast a shadow over the Soviet Union's long "peace" campaign and returned the initiative to the United States.

The President's offer had the virtue of simplicity. He proposed as a first step: "To give to each other a complete blueprint of our military establishments, from beginning to end, from one end of our countries to the other, lay out the establishments and provide the blueprints to each other.

"Next, to provide within our countries facilities for aerial photography to the other country—we to provide you the facilities within our country, ample facilities for aerial reconnaissance, where you can make all the pictures you choose and take them to your own country to study, you to provide exactly the same facilities for us . . . and by this step to convince the world that we are providing as between ourselves against the possibility of great surprise attack, thus lessening danger and relaxing tension."

This was to be only the first step toward an effective system of inspection and disarmament. But, the President said, priority attention in the study of disarmament should be given the inspection-and-reporting system.

At Every Level

Reactions varied. Many people all over the world thought that this was a great, statesmanlike offer. Certain diplomats saw in it only a propaganda scheme since, according to them, the Soviet leaders could not possibly change their ancient suspicions and historical objections and allow foreigners to move freely within the Soviet Union. Indeed, such freedom as the President proposed for our aircraft would be far greater than any Soviet citizen is allowed.

Others saw the proposal as a maneuver intended only to separate the rearmament of Germany and American peripheral bases and troops in Europe from the problem of the regulation of armaments.

Actually, the genius of the proposal was that it is effective in all these senses. The first step in the reduction of armaments—and without it no others can be taken—is to create the conditions where the good faith and performance of both major parties are assured. If, for a beginning, the exchange of defense information and its verification prove honest, the basis for reductions in good faith has been laid.

It was equally good as a propaganda effort. It was simple and anyone could understand it. It was hard to see, superficially, in what way it was unfair to one side or the other.

A Counterstroke

For the United States to propose effective inspection as a first move toward reduction of armaments was not new. That was the heart of the Baruch - Lilienthal scheme, which foundered on Russian suspicions, for the abolition of atomic weapons. In the Allied disarmament plan of March 8 this year in London, each advance was to be preceded by the effective organization of the control-and-inspection system. The draft read as follows: "After the constitution and positioning of the control organ, which shall be carried out within a specified time, and as soon as the control organ reports that it is able effectively to enforce them, the following measures [of disarmament] shall enter into effect . . ." This was followed by the specific measures.

The Soviet Union, in a counter-

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proposal presented to the U.N. May 10, accepted the western figures as to military strength of the principal powers (United States, U.S.S.R., and China from a million to 1.5 million, and Great Britain and France not more than 650,000 each) and agreed to a two-stage reduction in which conventional armaments would be reduced first. This overcame certain western objections to previous Soviet offers which had always required an immediate abolition of atomic weapons in which the West was strong, while conventional armaments, in which the Soviet Union and its satellites were strong, were to be reduced only in later stages.

The inspection system the Soviets proposed was objectionable. It would have operated from specified control points. This is the method used in Korea, where the operations of inspectors have been hampered and nothing can be done about it. It was also objectionable because the control agency would have been required to report violations and measures of recommendation on prevention and suppression of violators to the United Nations Security Council where the veto could be used to prevent any action.

The western proposals dealt only with disarmament. On May 10, the Soviets accepted them in a grand gesture and then tied them up with halting of German rearmament, with dismantling overseas bases (primarily American), and with evacuation of all foreign forces from Germany. They tried to use disarmament as a pretext to accomplish their purposes in Europe.

THE PRESIDENT'S brilliant stroke cut through the tangle into which the Soviet maneuver had thrown the whole problem of regulation of armaments. From the western point of view it separated the armaments problem from extraneous problems which could be solved only after a rapprochement on armaments. If accepted by the Soviet Union, it would provide a basis of good faith on which greater progress could be founded. It would require no sacrifices of military strength by the West in advance of armament reduction. It would allow German rearmament to proceed while disarmament discussions were going on. Allied troops could remain in Germany and the United States could still retain its overseas bases until a foundation for good faith had been laid.

BUT FOR THESE very reasons and others, the Eisenhower scheme must seem very questionable to the Soviet rulers. It would destroy Soviet security from western intelligence. The United States would fly over and photograph all of the Soviet Union and verify the Soviet blueprint of their armed forces. Today it is doubtful if western intelligence knows much more than a large fraction of the principal targets in the Soviet Union. This is a great defensive advantage to the Soviets and a great offensive disadvantage to the West.

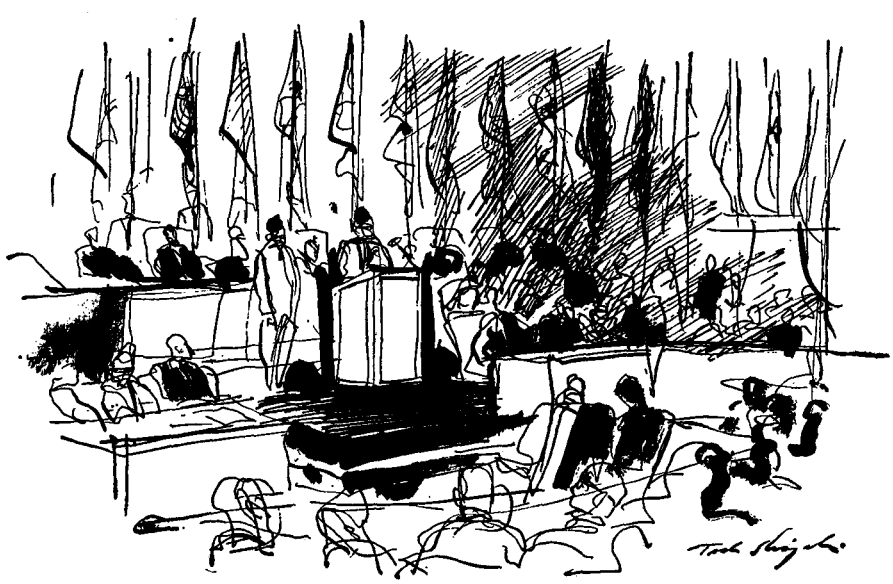
It may be assumed that the Strategic Air Command would have an attrition factor of as much as twenty or twenty-five per cent a week in operations in a major war. If SAC did not know where many of its targets were, and had to fight and take losses just to find them, those losses would be greatly increased. Conceivably this one element of inadequate intelligence could be enough to threaten the operations by which it might be hoped the war would be won. If the Soviet Union gave up this element of security—and the Kremlin spends enormous effort to acquire and sustain it—it would be a major military sacrifice. On the other hand the United States has no such effective security as the Soviet Union, and to permit the Russians to fly and photograph here at will would be a minor loss of security for us.

On this count the President's proposition is very much to our advantage. It is amusing that some of our Senators are unable to see this, and utter objections of a military nature in addition to pointing out that it would violate the McCarran-Walter Act as well as other laws prohibiting photography of military and atomic-energy installations.

The other advantages that would accrue to the United States, such as the continued build-up of German forces and the retention of bases and western troops in Europe, are equally disadvantageous to the Soviet Union in the short run. However, once a mutual basis for belief in good faith is established, the withdrawal of troops from Germany and the dismantling of overseas bases that threaten the Soviet Union could follow. As a part of the over-all reduction of forces, German armaments would be limited along with all others. Certain Soviet objectives in Europe would thus ultimately be accomplished.

The First Step?

Sir Anthony Eden proposed that a demilitarized zone be established on both sides of the Iron Curtain in Europe. His idea was to use this as a testing ground for control-and-inspection procedure. If it succeeded there, it could be extended eastward and westward. This would provide the advantage, like President Eisenhower's proposal, of mak-



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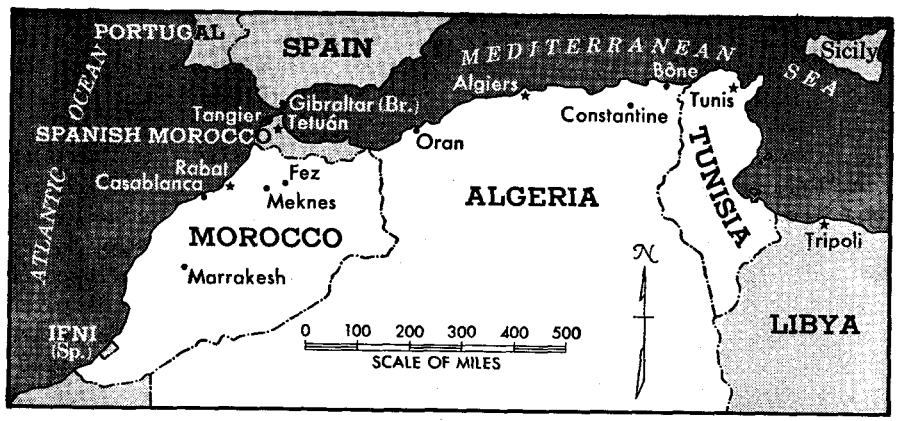
ing a start on inspection and control without at the same time reducing western forces or establishments. It would have the practical effect of demilitarizing most of Germany and of forcing foreign garrisons to move west of the Rhine. It would be accompanied by a limitation of both East and West German forces.

The British believe that their more modest scheme has a better chance of acceptance by the Soviet Union than President Eisenhower's daring one.

French Premier Edgar Faure proposed disarmament policed by budgetary and economic controls. He wished to use the money saved by reduction of arms under international control for underdeveloped regions. The West, it can be seen, suffers from a multiplicity of, and lack of agreement on, disarmament plans.

The Big Four in the closing directive agreed to instruct their representatives in the United Nations to propose that the subcommittee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission meet August 29 to work together to develop an acceptable system for disarmament and to take account in their work of the views and proposals advanced by the heads of government at the Geneva Conference. This meeting and the meeting of the Foreign Ministers in October will determine whether the President's bold venture is to be lost in international maneuvers or be a first step toward ending the threat of nuclear war.



Morocco: French vs. Natives, And Now French Against French

JOHN K. COOLEY

CASABLANCA

JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT on June 11, a pair of submachine guns, firing in short bursts from two black limousines cruising in front of the Liberty Building in Casablanca, ended the life of Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil, a weathy industrialist who had emerged from a checkered political past to become publisher of *Maroc-Presse,* an influential, moderate newspaper in the French Zone of the Protectorate.

Another life meant little after the past two and a half years of open violence in French Morocco, during which Arab nationalist terrorists and French colonial counter-terrorists between them have killed perhaps five hundred people and wounded more than a thousand in a reign of political gangsterism.

But Lemaigre-Dubreuil was more than just another casualty in race rioting. Because he had used his wealth in the interest of moderation and in seeking a rapprochement between Arab fanatics and French colonial diehards, French extremists had branded him a traitor. Almost certainly, they were responsible for his murder. The killing came as an awakening shock to the French Government and particularly to Premier Edgar Faure, a friend of the victim. The Government, which had done practically nothing, hoping that the disturbances would blow over, recalled Francis Lacoste, its Resident-General in Morocco, and replaced him with Gilbert Grandval, with a new set of orders. The question now is whether Grandval and the harried group of moderates around him have the strength to restore order out of so much chaos.

Grandval's first weeks were hardly auspicious. Just as his régime was instituting liberal measures, a bomb exploded July 14 before a Casablanca café, killing seven Europeans and injuring thirty-five. The revenge came in a nightmarish orgy of burning, lynching, and looting of Moroccans by bands of French and Spanish youths, waving tricolors while the police looked on.

There followed a state of siege, curfews, Army reinforcements, tank cordons, and counter-demonstrations by Moroccans that cost scores of casualties. At the funeral of the café-bomb victims, Grandval was manhandled by a crowd of French youths shouting anti-Semitic slogans. Further bloody riots greeted the Resident-General on his first official visits to Marrakesh in the south (ten dead) and Meknes in the north (fifteen dead).

Black Hand, White Hand

In this struggle between Arab on one side and colonial repression on

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the other, both sides have abetted the lawlessness of their extremists. The crisis began in August, 1953, when the pro-nationalist Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef was deposed after he had blocked the French administration, and the Istiqlal (Independence) Party was suppressed.

Ben Youssef, languishing in exile with his sizable harem, was hailed at once by his partisans as an Arab martyr, and his French-picked successor, Ben Moulay Arafa, was reviled as a foreign puppet—which indeed he is. Spanish propaganda supporting Ben Youssef against the French joined with Communist and Arab League propaganda to arouse resistance, and soon terrorist organizations such as "The Black Hand" were indiscriminately waylaying Frenchmen with knife, bomb, and bullet, hoping thus to frighten Paris and its colonial headquarters at Rabat into granting automony.

Terror, however, produced resistance and underground counter-terror groups. One of them, called "The White Hand," murdered Moroccans known to have nationalist leanings. Sometimes, too, Frenchmen acting on their own, blinded with grief and rage at the killing of a relative or friend by nationalists, took to grabbing a weapon and laying low the first Moroccan they saw. The police, in spite of the rise of killings in 1954, made no arrests of Europeans. The aboveground organization of colonial extremists, the Association pour la Présence Française en Afrique du Nord, achieved an influence far out of proportion to its active membership of some twenty thousand. Its chairman in Morocco last year expressed its spirit when he called upon Frenchmen in Tunis to resist the new Franco-Tunisian accords by street fighting if necessary. Meanwhile pamphlets signed by the O.D.A.T. (Organisation pour la Défense Anti-Terroriste) threatened death to "traitors." All this was condoned until about July of this year by the French police—and actively supported by some of its officials.

Frenchmen Against Frenchmen

From reprisals against Moroccans, French extremists went on to a campaign of terrorizing moderate Frenchmen. In May, 1954, *Maroc-Presse*, which had begun departing

from the established colonial line, published a "Petition of the Seventy-Five." In this manifesto, seventy-five Europeans of every walk of life and political faith in Morocco called the attention of French authorities to the desperate state of Moroccan affairs. The situation, they pointed out, was getting worse; the deposed Sultan's partisans were steadily gaining influence among the people, while the draconian measures of the local administration, the indecision of Paris, and the breakdown of human contacts between Frenchmen and Moroccans were hastening the spread of anarchy. These moderates, calling themselves the "Association pour la Conscience Française," in contrast to the "Association pour la Présence Française," immediately drew the fire of the extremists.

Jean-Charles Legrande, a brilliant attorney who dared to defend Moroccans in political cases, was nearly lynched by a howling mob during military trials in Oujda last December. Jacques Reitzer, a soft-drink manufacturer, narrowly escaped death at the hands of assassins, and his car was destroyed by a bomb. In July, 1954, a group of moderate French and Moroccan businessmen and intellectuals came together at the house of Abderrahman Slaoui, a Casablanca attorney, to discuss ways of re-establishing Franco-Moroccan co-operation. Shortly after the meeting, the Slaoui family was subjected to a series of machine-gun and bombing attacks that killed three of them. Others who attended the meeting were also assaulted or threatened.

Particular vengeance was directed also against the editors of the moderate *Maroc-Presse*, Mazella and Sartout. After several attempts on his life Mazella fled to France, but even in Paris he continued to receive threats. One day last December Sartout received a visit from a fellow veteran of the Indo-Chinese War, a young policeman named Albert Forestier. On returning from Asia, Forestier had declined Sartout's offer to resume his prewar job as sports writer for *Maroc-Presse* and instead, aroused by nationalist terrorism, had followed the advice of friends to join the police if he wanted to "do something about it." Now Forestier found himself a member of a "counter-terrorist" team, which probably operated under his brigade chief, Inspector Jean Delrieu. Forestier had just been shown its list of future victims. To his horror, his friend Sartout was among them.

Sartout and his colleagues obtained a copy of the list, which was later published and was briefly the sensation of Casablanca. They also saw to it that Forestier's reports on

(Continued on page 30)

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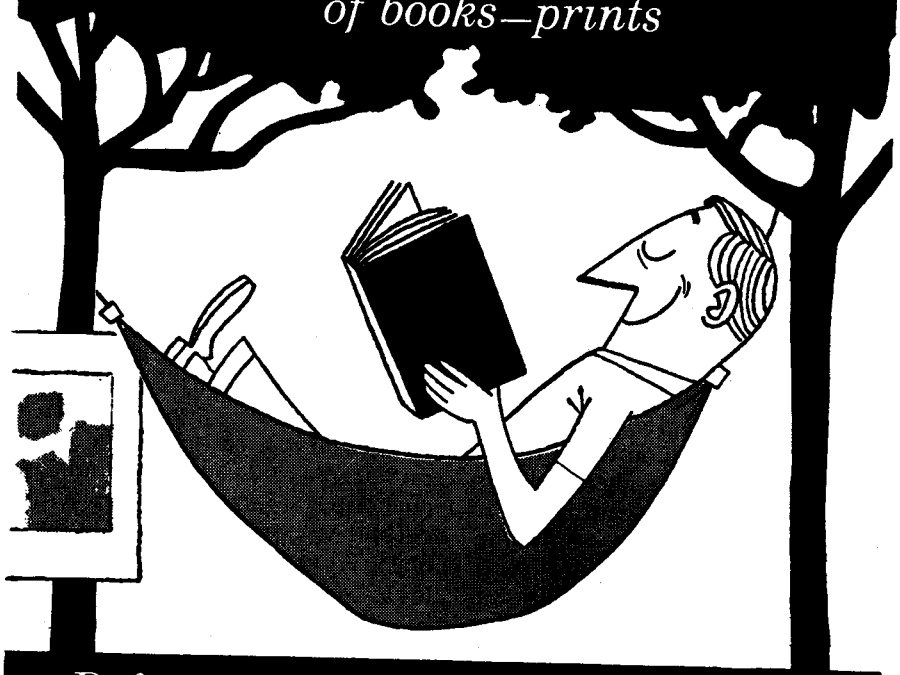

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the "raids" in which he was still participating – presumably against his will—went directly to Christian Fouchet, Minister for Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs in the Mendès-France Government.

'*Salauds* That You Are'

At the same time, Forestier himself, in the face of indifference and complicity among the Casablanca police, told his story to M. Chevrier and Colonel Pommery, the top French security officials in Morocco, on December 24 and 29. Again, there were no arrests, no action of any kind.

On the night of last January 2, Albert Forestier was found dead in his car under circumstances which, an official inquiry declared, were "purely accidental." Pamphlets signed "O.D.A.T." were soon being circulated in Casablanca, addressed to "Men enchained by treason . . . masters of Moroccan terrorism, instigators, beneficiaries . . . *Salauds* that you are, you will pay with your lives . . . You, Sartout, bought the services of the miserable Forestier. . . . Men enchained by treason, the liberated ones are going to kill you."

Mendès-France and Minister Fouchet may have planned to do something, but they were never given a chance. Leaving behind little more than its extensive dossiers on revolt-torn Algeria and terrorized Morocco, the Mendès-France Government fell, at least partially as a result, some feel, of furious activity by the North African colonial lobbies in Paris.

The new Premier, Faure, understood the need for action. Roger Wybot, chief of the French colonial intelligence, was sent down to Morocco. Perhaps with his redoubtable detective abilities he could trap the culprits of "counter-terrorism." The unobtrusive Wybot, attacked by the pro-colonial press both in North Africa and Paris, found obstacles everywhere he went. In March he turned in his report to Premier Faure recommending close integration of the Moroccan police with that of Metropolitan France, as well as stern measures against counter-terrorists.

Although nothing visible was done, apparently some local pressure was applied: The killings ceased for a time, and there was a noticeable if temporary slackening in nationalist violence.

The Peacemaker

In the meantime, the wealthy Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil had come forth to attempt the role of mediator. He had made a fortune in the peanut-oil business, had supported the Petainist movement in 1940, but later had turned his energies to assisting Allied operations in North Africa. Like many other French businessmen, he had been dismayed by the disastrous economic effects of the Moroccan stalemate since 1953. He approached his friend Edgar Faure with the plan of buying *Maroc-Presse* and of using its columns to prepare French opinion in Morocco for a change of policy. Faure appears to have endorsed the idea but to have given him no guarantees as to when or how the government would act.

For the Premier himself was under heavy pressure from conservative interests and their allies not to introduce a change of policy. One of these allies was the aged Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, leader of the Berber tribesmen of the Atlas Mountains, a sworn enemy of the former nationalist Sultan, whom he had helped depose, and a strong backer of the present one. Another was the former Resident-General, Marshal Alphonse-Pierre Juin, also an old enemy of the Sultan, who in his brief tenure on the Committee for the Co-ordination of North African Problems in Rabat was urging drastic measures of repression.

Lemaigre-Dubreuil turned to both El Glaoui and Juin, hoping to persuade them to agree to some compromise with the nationalists crying out for autonomy and the return of their former Sultan. Could, perhaps, a Council of Regency be created in Rabat, presided over by some member of the ruling family?

But both the Pasha and the General still said "No." Reforms were needed, they agreed—the long-delayed projects for separating administrative and judicial powers, for example. Perhaps, too, something ought to be done about legalizing Moroccan trade unions, modernizing the *makhzen* (the Sultan's central government), and admitting more young graduates of the Moroccan School of Administration to its high posts. But any reforms, they said, would have to be imposed by the French government in co-operation with the present Sultan. There must be no negotiation with the nationalists.

On June 10, Lemaigre-Dubreuil had his last talk with Premier Faure in Paris. He described the further deterioration of affairs: economic dislocation and fear resulting from thousands of crop fires set by

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nationalist arsonists; a total strike of Moroccan commerce in the nothern cities, of Moroccan fishermen in Safi and Casablanca, of artisans in the craft workshops of Fez. Surely, after a long study trip by Faure's new Minister for Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs, Pierre July, the government had ample information on which to take political action now. What was at stake was not just the last vestiges of Franco-Moroccan friendship, but the very presence of France in Africa.

Back in Casablanca the next day, Lemaigre-Dubreuil sent off a last letter to Faure, warning again of the disastrous consequences of further inaction. That night, as he stepped from his Liberty Building apartment, he was shot.

Three hours later, Minister July, aroused from his Paris bed by the news, was angrily telling newsmen that counter-terrorism, "which had dishonored France again," must cease. One day later, Wybot of the intelligence service landed in Rabat again, this time with a sizable entourage of his own agents. Quickly he went back over the familiar ground of his first investigation, advised the Resident-General to take the measures he had recommended earlier, and flew back to Paris to file another report. Also on a plane to Paris by this time, under armed guard, was Inspector Delrieu of Albert Forestier's old brigade, the first European arrested for counter-terrorism in Morocco.

Thousands of Casablanca Moslems, Jews, and Europeans crowded into Casablanca's Sacré-Coeur Cathedral for Lemaigre-Dubreuil's funeral. During the service, and afterward while the body was being whisked through columns of police and soldiers to the airport to be flown to France, the Moroccan women in the crowd paid him the highest tribute they knew: They unveiled their faces. Ex-Premier Mendès-France, arriving for the funeral, was both cheered and hissed. "If he had tried any politics," a Casablanca French girl told me with conviction, "he would never have gotten back to Paris alive."

'Last Warning'

It was then that Paris appointed Grandval as Resident-General, giving him instructions whose basis Faure

summarized in this fashion before the Chamber of Deputies: reaffirmation of continued French presence; cessation of direct administration in Morocco and return to a true protectorate, which should also "befit the evolution of nations and the conditions of the times"; "assurance of the growth of modern institutions"; and, of course, the restoration of order—which meant throttling all terrorism, Moroccan and European alike.

As though to back these words with deeds, either the Casablanca police or Wybot's men—it is not clear which—followed up new mass arrests of Moroccans by picking up ten more Europeans charged with counter-terrorism. One of them was Inspector Voiron, former chief of the anti-terrorist squad of the Casablanca police.

The response of the extremists was a new wave of "O.D.A.T." pamphlets. This time they called for a strike of all European commerce on June 27 and 28. Their orders were almost universally obeyed, with employees in some of the public services, notably the Casablanca customs inspectors, taking the lead.

Teen-agers waving the tricolor tried to march on the civil prison, where the accused counter-terrorists were held, and on the *Maroc-Presse* offices. The police turned them back as gently as possible and made no arrests. New pamphlets called the strike the "last warning." All agreed that it had been a clear demonstration against the Paris government.

At the end of July, everyone in Morocco was bracing himself for the critical days of August—the time of the Aid-el-Kebir, a major Moslem feast that is associated in the popular imagination with the anniversary of Ben Youssef's deposition—when further trouble is expected if no solution has been found to the issue of the deposed Sultan.

And after that? On one side stand fanatic leaders who, if autonomy is granted, will see in it a reward for their policy of terror. On the other, leagued with such supporters of the status quo as El Glaoui and his well-subsidized Berbers, are the other irreconcilables who, in one of their latest leaflets, vow that they "will never permit, even if it means rebellion" the nationalists' coming to power.

In the middle stand men and women with mixed feelings and others, like the seventy-five petitioners, who speak for "French conscience." That conscience, late in arising as it is, may yet become the only voice of realism.

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Charles de Gaulle And the Summons of History

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

IN A RARE mood of public introspection General Charles de Gaulle once explained to reporters at a press conference here that despite many recent disappointments, he was not discouraged about his future prospects as a national leader. Slightly heavy in the jowls, noticeably thickened around the middle, he appeared to be as stiffly uncomfortable in a double-breasted business suit as his essentially medieval personality has doubtless felt all along in the spiritual climate of the twentieth century.

"How many failures have marked my public life!" he exclaimed with a dramatic gesture. "Sometimes during the blackest days of the war I used to wonder whether my mission might be no more than to express the last dying flicker of the national will, the last impulse toward the summits. Perhaps, I would tell myself, I am writing the last pages in the book of our grandeur."

This somber vision, the General hastened to explain, always gave way after a while to a return of hope and faith in the future. "No, I would say to myself. The road I am tracing for the nation is the road to a future in which the state will be strong and just, in which mankind will be freed, and in which France will truly be France—that is, great and fraternal. That is how I feel today, too."

At the time the General held his press conference—November 12, 1953—his rating as a significant factor in French political life stood at a postwar low, and accordingly the slightly transcendent prose of his statement fell rather flat. Its main effect was to revive for a few days the painful old wheezes about Joan of Arc which had helped embitter inter-Allied relations during the war, and to repopularize the somewhat newer quip that the real trouble with the General is not that he thinks he is Joan of Arc but that he keeps imagining he is Charles de Gaulle.

On a more serious level, pundits pointed out that he had once again betrayed his lack of realism by attacking the European Defense Community in the conference so violently that he was virtually staking his prestige on its eventual rejection by the Assembly, and that he had expressed a naïve belief in the possibility of serious negotiations with the Kremlin. Altogether, it seemed as if history were about to give a belated vindication to the acumen of a certain high State Department official I knew in Washington during the desperate winter of 1941-1942, who at the height of the unhappy furor over the Free French liberation of St. Pierre and Miquelon assured me, "That fellow de Gaulle is finished."

IN THE last year, however, the wheel has swung around again, and in a curiously indirect but very real way de Gaulle probably wields greater influence over national policy—and stands higher in the esteem of his countrymen—than at any time since he resigned as chief of state in 1946.

In one sense, it is true, he does seem finished. Last December he publicly severed his last ties with the wheezy but still numerically strong political movement that he himself had launched in 1947, bidding a final goodbye to the "intrigues, combinations, upsets, recoveries, and illusions" inherent in the competition for power. He reaffirmed his decision at a press conference on June 30 of this year, and in warning the newspapermen who had packed into the Hotel Continental to hear him that it would be a long, long time, before he summoned them again, he gave some observers the impression that he was definitely withdrawing from public life. This now seems to have been a misinterpretation. When the General cut himself loose from the parliamentary Gaullists—who now call themselves Social Republicans—he did not disband his Rally of the French People (R.P.F.) but merely reorganized it on a nonpolitical basis. The Rally is still a well-organized force, some hundred thousand strong and growing steadily, especially in North Africa. Though it no longer functions as a political party, there is nothing to prevent it—if de Gaulle gives the word—from playing a major role in the forthcoming legislative elections, supporting those candidates of whom the General approves, regardless of party labels. At his press conference in June de Gaulle denied any present intention of intervening in the elections—thus bitterly disappointing the followers of former Premier Mendès-France, who had hoped de Gaulle's electoral support might sweep their leader back into power. But some observers noted that this part of the General's statement was somewhat vague. The elections are weeks if not months ahead, and many changes may occur before they take place.

Whether or not de Gaulle sticks to his announced intention of holding entirely aloof from the elections, he will continue to play a vital behind-the-scenes role, somewhat as Clemenceau did after his ostensible retirement from public life. André Stibio, one of the most authoritative French political writers, recently revealed that ever since René Coty took office as first magistrate of the Fourth Republic he has been discreetly encouraging the tendency of many political leaders and high state functionaries to consult regularly with the man who has argued that the Fourth Republic is doomed and must be reorganized along more authoritarian lines. As a result, the General is intimately informed about every level and aspect of public affairs, and his personal views are frequently reflected in official statements of policy. It is generally agreed here, for example, that Premier Edgar Faure could not carry out his liberal North African policies without de Gaulle's tacit approval. On the eve of the Geneva conference, U.S. Ambassador C. Douglas Dillon, a realistic student of French politics, had a long talk with de Gaulle, who

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has not for many years been popular at our embassy.

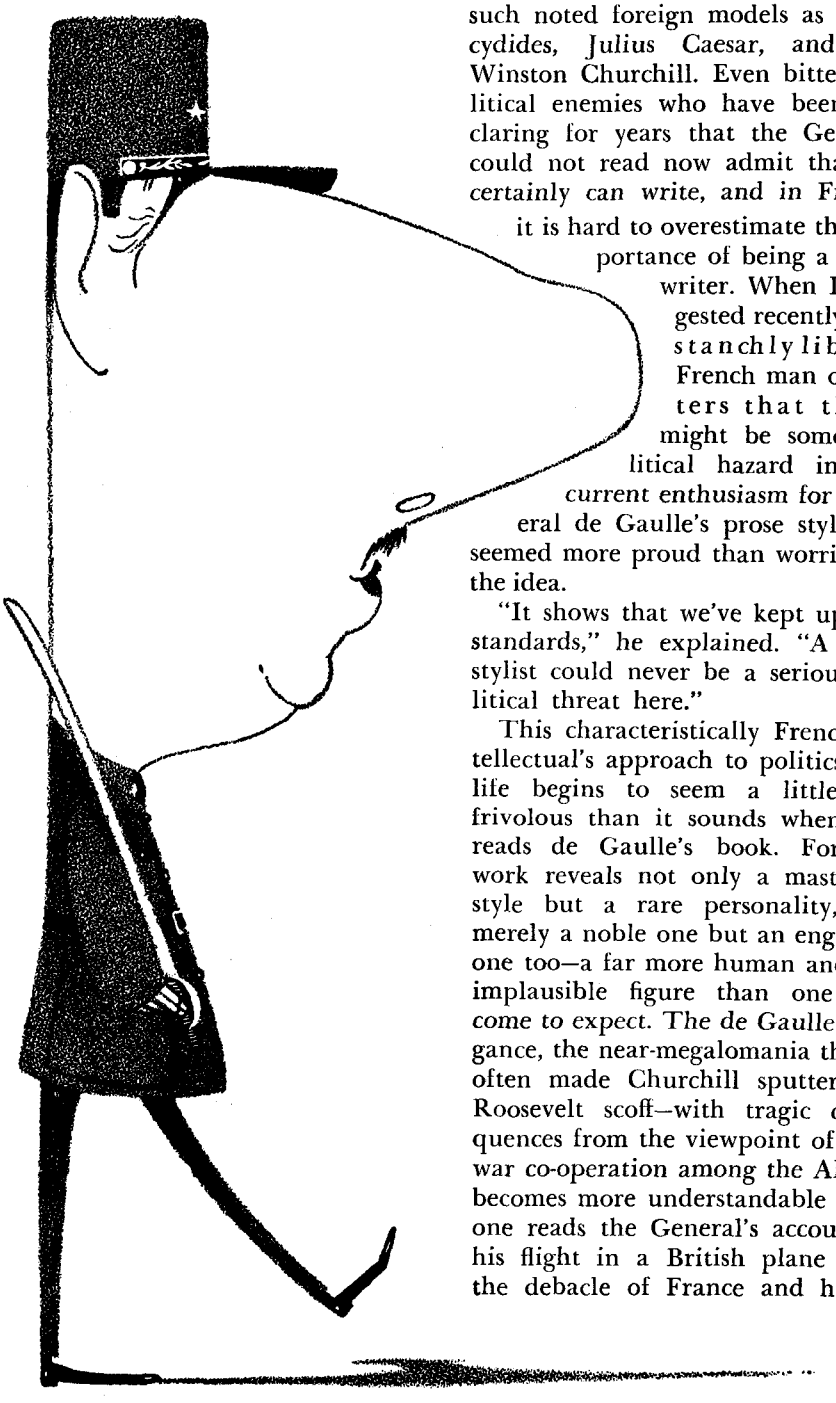
One of the first observers to note de Galle's paradoxical comeback as a public figure was Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, who last November sent the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, Serge Vinogradov, driving some hundred miles to the east on an extraordinary mission to Colombey - les - Deux - Eglises, a tiny village on the rim of the harsh, windswept plateau of Langres. It is there that de Gaulle, surrounded by mementoes of Free France and looking out from his tower study upon the dark folds of an ancient Celtic forest, has sat in haughty loneliness most of the time since he relinquished power in 1946, writing his memoirs and brooding upon the ills of France.

The ostensible purpose of Ambassador Vinogradov's intrusion into the almost druidic solitude of the General's retirement was to express Mr. Molotov's thanks for sending him an autographed copy of the first volume of de Gaulle's wartime memoirs, published here in France last October—possibly the most elaborate thank-you in contemporary diplomatic history. The real purpose was to lure de Gaulle to Moscow as guest of the Soviet government in a dramatic climax to the psychological campaign the French Communists and their allies had been waging against the ratification of the Paris accords. It was a genial idea in a way, but it didn't work. Armored by a superhuman pride against merely human temptations, de Gaulle is reported to have refused the invitation to come to Moscow with the curt comment: "You would have done better to invite me to Yalta."

The sigh of relief that echoed around pro-western circles in Paris when the failure of Vinogradov's maneuver became known was eloquent testimony to de Gaulle's renewed influence in French public life. Many observers here believe that he was the main factor in the rejection of EDC by the French National Assembly last August and that the relative stability of the Mendès-France Government owed a great deal to the implicit support de Gaulle gave it for a while. Some people feel that no French Government could long hold office in the face of his active hostility.

'The Summons'

A number of factors have helped to restore de Gaulle as a power in the land. In part his waxing influence reflects the nationalist reawakening in France of which Mendès-France himself was both an instrument and a less extreme representative. To some degree it has been fostered by the evolution of the world power struggle since Stalin's death, for many Frenchmen, without being actual neutralists, have swung around to de Gaulle's view that Germany should not be integrated into the western defense system until a final, supreme attempt at negotiations with the East has been made.



The main factor, however, is undoubtedly the General's wartime memoirs, of which the first volume is entitled *L'Appel* ("The Summons"). Ever since it appeared, the newspapers and literary reviews have been filled with articles by the leading French critics comparing de Gaulle with Chateaubriand, Bossuet, and Michelet, not to mention such noted foreign models as Thucydides, Julius Caesar, and Sir Winston Churchill. Even bitter political enemies who have been declaring for years that the General could not read now admit that he certainly can write, and in France it is hard to overestimate the importance of being a good writer. When I suggested recently to a stanchly liberal French man of letters that there might be some political hazard in the current enthusiasm for General de Gaulle's prose style, he seemed more proud than worried at the idea.

"It shows that we've kept up our standards," he explained. "A poor stylist could never be a serious political threat here."

This characteristically French intellectual's approach to politics and life begins to seem a little less frivolous than it sounds when one reads de Gaulle's book. For the work reveals not only a master of style but a rare personality, not merely a noble one but an engaging one too—a far more human and less implausible figure than one had come to expect. The de Gaulle arrogance, the near-megalomania that so often made Churchill sputter and Roosevelt scoff—with tragic consequences from the viewpoint of postwar co-operation among the Allies—becomes more understandable when one reads the General's account of his flight in a British plane from the debacle of France and his ar-

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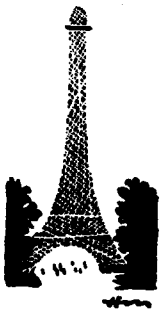
rival in London on the afternoon of June 17, 1940, "alone and stripped of everything, like a man standing on the shore of a great ocean that he proposes to cross by swimming."

The metaphor is not exaggerated in relation to the immensity of the task that de Gaulle set himself, that he felt he had no choice but to set himself. It was not to join the British forces as a foreign volunteer that he had become a rebel and a deserter in the eyes of his own su-



periors. It was to bring about the resurrection of a French army on the field of battle, the return to belligerence of the French overseas territories, the participation of the French people themselves in the coming struggle for liberation—"not merely to get some Frenchmen back into the war, but to get France back."

Probably that marked the beginning of the extraordinary identification in de Gaulle's mind between himself and the nation. At the outset, in any case, his apparent megalomania was not a malady but an assignment. To get France back into the war de Gaulle had himself to become France. There was no other way, and there was no other Frenchman. From the first he could conceive of no other kind of leadership for the cause of Free France than the kind he supplied himself, but he maintains he did not feel himself qualified to be the leader. It is a matter of official record that he tried to persuade first General Weygand then General Noguès, the commander in North Africa at the time, to accept the role of supreme leader of Free France.

UNDOUBTEDLY, the role of twentieth-century Joan of Arc in which he decided to cast himself had great emotional attractions for de Gaulle. Born into a family steeped both in the highest French culture and in the most passionate nationalism, de Gaulle relates at the beginning of his book that as a child nothing made such a deep impression on him as the symbols and monuments of France's past glory: ". . . night falling on Notre Dame, Versailles in the majesty of evening, the sun blazing upon the Arch of Triumph, the captured flags fluttering from the vault of the Invalides." Intoxicated with history and literature, the shy, awkward boy grew up dreaming of perils and heroisms.

"I had no doubt," de Gaulle confesses, "that France would have to undergo terrible trials, that the whole point in living was to be able to render her at such time some notable service, and that one day I would have the opportunity to do so."

When the opportunity came de Gaulle did not hesitate. But the fulfillment of his boyhood dream turned out to involve strains and labors he could never have imagined. Without forces, friends, or funds, outlawed by his own government, looked on as a pathetic or dangerous fanatic by the most important French exiles in England and America, he was looked upon at first by Churchill as a mere adjunct to British psychological warfare. De Gaulle was utterly dependent on his powerful ally and host, and yet as the caretaker of France's grandeur he felt obliged to claim the status of an equal partner.

To back up this seemingly preposterous ambition, the forty-nine-year-old temporary one-star general had only his ephemeral title as a deputy Minister in the ill-fated Paul Reynaud Cabinet, the mild prestige of having led an inconclusive but glorious counterattack against the German panzers during the Battle of France, the tragic vindication of his prewar theories about tank warfare—and his own personality. If one does not take into account the last item, it can be said of de Gaulle's self-imposed mission that never in human history had a military or political leader set out to achieve so much with so little.

As the General explains in his book, it was the very nakedness of his situation that imposed the pattern of his leadership. The unbending authoritarianism that many Americans in good faith mistook for the power lust of an unconscious fascist was more than anything else a kind of psychological cramp from a constant effort of will so close to the limits of human endurance that de Gaulle feared if it ever faltered or yielded for a second it would collapse forever.

One of the most moving and revelatory anecdotes in the book is de Gaulle's account of a conversation with Churchill in June, 1942, following a particularly violent clash between them, in which the Prime Minister advised the leader of the Free French to adopt a less intransigent and more conciliatory attitude toward President Roosevelt. As a model he suggested his own flexible tactics.

"You can afford to be flexible," de Gaulle retorted, "because you have behind you a solid state, a unanimous nation, a united empire, great armies. But what do I have? Yet, as you know, I am responsible for the interests and the fate of France. The burden is too heavy, and I am too weak, to be able to bow my neck."

THE LEGENDARY intransigence de Gaulle displayed toward the other Allied leaders in all his dealings with them—an attitude which it is reported once led Churchill to declare, "I have borne many crosses since 1940 but the heaviest was the Cross of Lorraine"—was not based solely on subjective or psychological considerations. Within a few weeks

after his arrival in London, de Gaulle came to believe that he was involved in a two-front war. On what he recognized, most of the time, as the main front, he had to liberate his country from the German invader with the help of his powerful British – and eventually also American and Soviet—Allies. On the other one he had simultaneously to beat back the attempts of these

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Allies, the first two as well as the last, to exploit France's prostration in order to further their selfish national interests at the expense of France. At least that was de Gaulle's conviction.

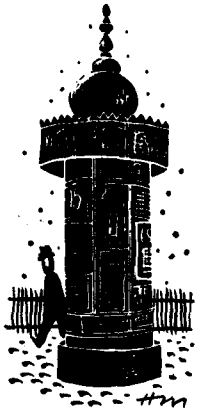
The extent to which de Gaulle's suspicions of his wartime Allies were delusions or were based upon misunderstandings and the extent to which they were valid is of course a question for future historians. As an eyewitness of some of the events related in the General's book, or as a low-level participant in certain of them, I believe that delusion, misunderstanding, and shamefully sordid reality are mingled in roughly equal proportions in his account. Neither in Washington nor in London, neither in Algiers nor in Kandy, have I ever encountered any evidence of an Anglo-Saxon conspiracy to despoil France of territorial or other material possessions. On the other hand, I can recall a number of occasions when both the official British attitude and our own toward the upholders of French interest could reasonably be described as imperialistic—at least in so far as it was calculated to substitute our judgment for theirs as to what was good for France.

'War Is a Moral Phenomenon'

"Who can contest today," wrote the Parisian daily *L'Aurore* after the publication of the General's memoirs, "that without de Gaulle . . . France would have been summarily excluded from the postwar diplomatic activity? Without de Gaulle she would have been offhandedly relegated to the rank of a second-class power."

Right or wrong—and personally I suspect it is right—this view has been suggested to many French readers by the General's book. It is one of the things that have made the publication of the memoirs a major political act. To a considerable degree the General appears to have won over a large sector of the French intellectual elite, if not to his obsession with French prestige, at least to his disillusioned neo-Machiavellian concept of international relations. It was this concept that inspired de Gaulle's refusal to envisage the surrender of national sovereignty in a European army, his unceasing suspicions of U.S. encroachments upon French independence, and his insistence on counterbalancing France's Atlantic commitments with a policy of cautious conciliation toward the Communist world.

Some more of our wartime chickens have thus come home to roost, and the self-proclaimed realists in the United States who so largely shaped our policy toward the Free French, toward Vichy, and toward Darlan's North Africa turn out—in terms of the abiding national interest—to have been fully as un-



realistic as some of us were claiming all along. There could be no more fitting epitaph for these "realists" than the following taken from one of the General's wartime cablegrams to the Free French mission in Washington and included in the appendix to his memoirs:

"If war were simply a chess game played with soulless pawns the present policy of the State Department toward France would be understandable. But war is essentially a moral phenomenon. For men to make war it is necessary that they feel morally obliged to do so, and in making it they must feel that they are morally upheld."

THERE ARE many such flashes of insight in the memoirs, irrefutable evidence of a great mind, even if it is one that is often greatly in error, and they have helped in restoring the General's once tarnished prestige with finicky French intellectuals.

"Reading the memoirs hasn't turned me into a Gaullist," one of my French friends told me, "but it has made me feel much better about once having been one."

Probably that comment reflects the prevailing public attitude toward de Gaulle here at the moment. As long as it does not change, the General will continue to play a significant role in French public life but is not likely to return to power.

Conditional Abdication

In his speech last December, de Gaulle formally announced his decision to withdraw the R.P.F. from politics without disbanding it and to sever all organizational ties with the Gaullist Deputies and Senators, who in theory were to enjoy complete freedom of action henceforth.

On the other hand the General, wearing a double-breasted blue pinstripe and a starched white collar and towering regally above the smoke-filled convention hall with a huge red Cross of Lorraine as a dramatic backdrop, made it quite apparent that he was by no means withdrawing from public life. Using the woodenly emphatic gestures of an old-fashioned elocution teacher but speaking with the fire of an Old Testament prophet, de Gaulle evoked the possibility of a grave political crisis in France and reserved his freedom of action in that case to intervene "by any means, including electoral means." As to the Rally, declared the General, it should be prepared to become at the first crisis "the advance guard of the nation."

Thunderous cries of *"Vive de Gaulle!"* and *"De Gaulle au pouvoir!"* interrupted the General and wild applause broke out when he sat down.

IF THE SUMMONS should come again, the General will be waiting in his tower at Colombey, probably sitting in his Empire armchair, his back stiffly propped against the red cushion his wife gave him, writing out with his thick souvenir fountain pen some future installment of what a French critic justly calls one of the most romantic love stories of the age: the story of Charles de Gaulle's lifelong affair with the mystic beauty, France, whom he likens on the first page of his memoirs to "the princess of the fairy stories or the Madonna of the frescoes."

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Five Hot Days In Gary Indiana

WARNER BLOOMBERG, Jr.

THE LONG STRETCH of cool weather that had characterized most of June in the Midwest ended during the last weekend of the month, and when the men returned to the steel mills in Gary, Indiana, on Monday, they noticed that it was suddenly easy to work up a sweat. As if they had forgotten the season and the month and then been abruptly reminded, they began for the first time to talk a lot about the union's negotiations with U.S. Steel and about the possibility of a strike.

"You gonna have beeg *vakashun!*" one called jovially to another as they boarded the six-thirty bus that runs from the center of town out to the mills. Still imitating the speech of the unassimilated immigrant, he added: "You like *vakash!* No get to rest up at mill!"

Most of the talk was lighthearted, mainly because no one believed a strike would be called. "Auto settled, rubber settled," explained a heavy-set welder as the men walked from the clock house to the lockers in the bright morning sun. "Steel'll settle, too." There seemed no question but that the tide was running heavily against walkouts. Besides, U.S. Steel's Benjamin Fairless and the president of the United Steelworkers, David J. McDonald, had walked through the mills together to symbolize a new era of labor-management friendship and co-operation.

Even if a strike had seemed imminent, the Gary workers could have afforded an easygoing approach to the subject. Work had been steady since the fall of 1954, and many of the men had put in substantial amounts of overtime. Many also had gone heavily into debt to buy cars and household goods or new homes. But Gary merchants have increasingly been "educated" to accept a moratorium on payments for the duration of a strike, so even the debts were not an especially serious problem.

And it was summer—a very comforting thought to the steelworkers who, until the long strike of 1952, had had to "hit the bricks" in midwinter when the contracts used to expire. "Man," said a lathe operator as he poured his luncheon coffee, "if we strike I'm just going to fish and fish and fish!" Others discussed their various projects should the "unpaid vacation" occur: a garage to be built, part of the yard to be landscaped, a house to be painted.

'They'll Dicker Around'

On Tuesday the temperature outside pushed into the eighties and the talk inside the mills also grew hotter. Some undertones of anti-strike sentiment began to develop. "We got to strike just because they won't give McDonald half the company!" one older worker snorted. His opinion might be discounted because he was habitually anti-union and had joined the organization reluctantly. But the pro-union craneman sitting next to him that lunch time, who normally would have delivered a sharp and effective retort, replied lamely, "Well, McDonald's got to do as good as Reuther. You know that."

The craneman's "hooker," a man noted for "figuring the angles" on every topic, shook his head. "There won't be no strike," he pronounced with confidence. "Last time we struck it was over the whole contract and pensions—something big. And it was an election year too. It'll be the same next year with the guaranteed annual wage and maybe lower retirement. McDonald'll show up Reuther with a real annual wage, not just better unemployment insurance, but we may have to go out to get it. This year they'll dicker around for a while and then we'll take ten or fifteen cents and call it square."

"Sure," another of the lunch group agreed. "They always argue until the last minute just to see if one can't get a little more out of the other."

Later in the day, a worker from another mill who had held offices in his local union echoed the last-minute settlement theory with an added explanation: "The bargaining in auto made Reuther look good to the public partly because it was so dramatic. McDonald's got to make them big black headlines, too. So they'll stall around until the last minute even if they already know what the final deal will be."

'I Felt Like a Fool'

All through Tuesday we watched for fans to be brought up to circulate the air around the steel plate to inhibit rusting in case of a shutdown, or for laborers to begin covering steel coils with waterproof paper. But nothing like that happened. Production continued full blast. "Look at all the plate they got stored up," argued an operator of one of the great semi-automatic machines. "If they was expectin' to pull the pin, they'd be movin' it out faster'n this."

Wednesday was another hot day, and the first of the furnaces in the Gary-Chicago area was banked. Inside the mills anti-strike sentiments were expressed more frequently and with increasing vigor. It was a strange feeling for those of us who remembered how opinion slowly underwent exactly the opposite shift during the long winter-into-spring bargaining that preceded the 1952 strike. Now it seemed that in a matter of days strong opposition was boiling up out of the initial indifference to a walkout.

On the bus that emerges from the workers' suburb east of the city about six in the morning and heads toward downtown Gary nine miles away, I heard a white-haired veteran from another mill voice a complaint that was turning up with greater frequency as the deadline approached: "So this clerk at the shoestore yesterday asks me just how much we want, and I don't know nothin' except that damn 'substantial increase.' Ain't you a member of the union? he asks me. I felt like a fool, not even knowing how much we might go out for."

THE MILL was now beginning to save its heat from the day before instead of cooling down at night, and men who sweat easily started to

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mop their brows after the first few minutes of work. We still saw no sure signs of preparation for a shutdown, but we all knew that the big furnaces were being banked, and the latest word from the early morning newscast circulated at top speed. (The strike threat, along with the searing dry spell in the area, brought a record number of listeners to the morning radio, half of them hoping to hear about a contract settlement and half yearning for rain.)

'Three or Four Lousy Cents'

Preparations for a strike have become so routine that they went ahead smoothly at the union hall all through Wednesday in spite of the air of unreality. The only "hitch" involved disputes over whether or not to let supervisory personnel come and go through the picket lines, as provided in the contract. Our local decided to let them but to insist on a daily inspection of the factory by a union committee to make sure no work was being done. But the men from the "big mill," the world's largest with more than nineteen thousand members in the local, asserted that their picket lines would be "puncture-proof" no matter who was involved.

On Wednesday afternoon the orders went out to start covering certain equipment with paper the following morning. By late Thursday ten thousand steelworkers had been laid off. As the shift changed at our plant in the afternoon, word went around that the company had been stockpiling food all day.

Thursday was almost too hot for conversation. The temperature outside the plant hit ninety-four. But something more than the heat made the men so edgy that one old timer even went so far as to predict angrily that a strike would "blow this union wide open. You'll see!" An outsider might have thought that a rank-and-file revolt was shaping up.

In one department that I visited during part of my lunch time five or six workers were standing around the water fountain still trying to reassure each other that the strike wouldn't come off. "Who in hell wants to lose a month or two of work for three or four lousy cents?" one of them demanded angrily. "It all goes back in higher prices, anyways," a second added, voicing a sentiment that I heard more often than ever before in the mills. "Watch what you say," a tall craneman whispered, nodding his

thin face in the direction of a short, stocky man who was approaching the fountain. "He's so damn pro-union that you don't dare disagree with anything when he's around!"

The group disbanded and I stayed to talk with the supposed fanatic. "I always been a good union man," he told me, "but this time I think they're pullin' a boner if they strike. I just can't see what there is to strike for. I think it's that new man tryin' to be boss—you know, what's-his-name . . ."

"McDonald," I prompted him.

"That's right," he said, "Dave McDonald. I don't think he even told the wage-policy committee what he's after, much less the rest of us."

'Who Is He?'

For the first time since McDonald took office as head of one of the nation's largest and strongest unions, he had become a topic of conversation among the rank and file. Although he had long been financial secretary while the late Philip Murray was president, McDonald did not rise from the steelworkers' ranks. His image has never come through clearly to most of the membership. There is even a small minority who associate the presidency of the Steelworkers with that of the CIO, Murray having held both for so long, and who now vaguely believe that Walter Reuther is also the Steelworkers' top man.

A good many others simply do not know their union president's name. One morning on the bus I asked the man who sat next to me, "Do you think McDonald'll have anything to tell us today?"

"I don't know," he said. "Who is he?"

"The president of the Steelworkers," I said. "The man who succeeded Murray."

"Oh," said the graying millhand beside me. "I knew it wasn't Murray any more."

AMONG THOSE who know who McDonald is, a majority, rightly or not, seem to imagine him as "a boss" rather than "a real leader." An example of this was a middle-aged Negro who is a community leader as well as an active member of his local union. He was one of the two men I could find in Gary who favored a strike, arguing that we needed the biggest wage increase possible since in 1956 the drive for the guaranteed annual wage might preclude any additional wage rise at that time and might even require a little cut in order to set up the necessary reserve fund.

When the conversation turned to McDonald, his tone altered and for a little while we just stood in silence while he slowly fished a cigarette out of a pack in his shirt pocket and lit it. "I met Dave McDonald once," he said at last. "You know, I think he's a company-type man. I don't mean that he's for the company instead of us. I mean that he's the kind of guy that you usually find in management."

Only one rank-and-file steelworker of those with whom I spoke had praise for McDonald and favored the strike as well. "I think McDonald's doing a damn good job," he asserted vigorously. "Take this strike we're going to have. Better to strike now than get laid off during the winter. Everybody's got a little money and a lot to do now, and there's too much steel piled up already." I asked him how he thought he'd feel if we were out a couple of weeks. "Well," he said, "my three-week vacation starts day after tomorrow."

Lack of Liaison

After Murray's death, organized support for McDonald developed quick-

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ly among many middle-echelon and top leaders in the face of scattered, unfocused opposition. The problem confronting him once he was in office was illustrated at the Steelworkers' convention in Atlantic City last year. There had been many rumors that McDonald might propose withdrawal of the Steelworkers from the CIO, and early in the session officials assumed by all to represent the president began to sound out the delegates with respect to "taking a walk."

Good communications with the rank and file and local leadership would have made it unnecessary to fly such a trial balloon. The delegates reacted immediately and angrily. Workers of every age and background could be seen stalking up and down the boardwalks muttering to themselves or talking loudly to and at each other. At this point McDonald came down with what was reported as a severe attack of sinusitis and disappeared from the scene for nearly two days. Then, in a speech before the convention, he affirmed the Steelworkers' intention to stay in the CIO.

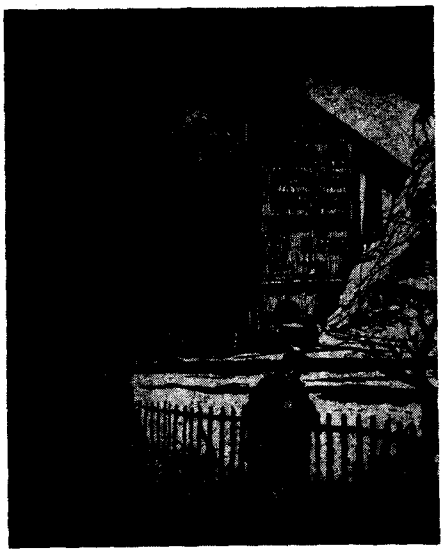
Subsequently "CIO" disappeared from official Steelworker symbols such as the button worn by members, and in some local and regional offices Walter Reuther's photograph came down off the walls. Many local leaders admire the "hothead from Detroit" in spite of the long-standing feud between the two international unions. Strong pronouncements from McDonald's office promising swift retribution for any union violation of the contract, including "wildcat strikes," also antagonized many local leaders who believe that it often "takes a little violation to make the contract work."

Whatever strategy prompted it, the decision not to reveal the maximum bargaining aims to local union officers this time violated long-standing Steelworker tradition and left local leaders with a stronger feeling of alienation from the processes of their union than they had ever felt before. The executive boards of the Gary locals were not notified to anticipate a strike until Wednesday morning. At several of the Wednesday board meetings there were inquiries as to what McDonald and the wage policy committee were "shooting for," since the men in the plants would certainly want to know what they were being called out for. No one present could give a reliable answer. "I simply went out in the mill and told them McDonald still had it classified as 'top secret,'" one local officer admitted. Even at the Thursday evening "mass meeting" attended by some three hundred of Gary's thirty-five thousand millhands, the featured speakers could talk only in a general way about the state of the bargaining and the need for "solidarity."

That evening the union did not formally declare a strike but, since the strike deadline had passed, its locals set out picket lines in accordance with the union's traditional "no contract, no work" policy.

The Agreement

On Friday morning the news of the settlement came to the men like a cool wind from the north. It was a nickel an hour higher than the company's last publicized offer, and the fact that the eleven-and-half-cent basic increase was to be raised by only half a cent for each higher job classification eased the criticisms of some of the men who objected to the



process of giving most to those who already made the best money and least to those in greatest need. Many were genuinely shocked by the company's decision to hike the price of steel seven and a half dollars a ton. A great many men expressed concern not only that the raise itself would disappear in higher prices but that people on fixed incomes, such as pensioned steelworkers, would be hurt even more.

But the shortness of the strike and the substance of the settlement eliminated almost all of the criticism of McDonald that had grown so rapidly during the few days preceding the expiration of the contract. Steelworkers, like others, are fatalistically reluctant to "rock the boat" and tend to forgive and forget. But there are those at the local-union level who hope the top leadership will do some heavy thinking about the way the men felt and talked during the last week in June.

Unlike some CIO unions, the Steelworkers were organized largely from the top down rather than the bottom up and have always been a somewhat authoritarian organization in spite of their thoroughly representative form of self-government. As long as the much-revered Murray held the president's job, the rank and file felt that their interests were well cared for at the top and focused their criticisms upon the local leadership. And the channels of communication from local groups into the international office were open even if it meant bypassing some middle-echelon staff man and his regional or district empire.

The RANK-AND-FILE workers' loss of an image of leadership with which they could identify and in whom they felt they could place great trust, along with a sense of alienation from the bargaining process on the part of the local leadership, could leave the Steelworkers less capable of meeting real crisis than in times past. If the steel companies should decide to resist the union demands for a long time in 1956, when the whole contract is open for renegotiation, the flaws in the preparation of the membership and in liaison with local leadership revealed in this short "test run" might have serious consequences.

Such concerns, however, did not preoccupy the groups of maintenance men who filed back through the gates Friday afternoon to begin reactivating the great, silent factories. It was still blistering hot in the area, but just about shift-change time a thunder-shower settled the dust in Gary—at least temporarily.

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Is This the Year Of the Peaceful Atom?

JEROME D. LUNTZ

IN THE FALL of 1945, four months after the world's first atomic detonation at Alamogordo, Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize-winning University of Chicago chemist, told the McMahon special Senate Committee on Atomic Energy: "I believe that the whole peacetime use of atomic power does not have comparable importance to us as a nation nor to the world as a whole as does the problem of avoiding the use of atomic bombs. I believe we could well forgo the large industrial power developments of atomic energy . . ."

Then, in 1951, even after this country and others were well along on nonmilitary atomic programs, Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard and a top scientific adviser to the Atomic Energy Commission who is now U.S. Ambassador at Bonn, wrote: "A sober appraisal of the debits and the credits of the exploitation of atomic fission . . . led people to decide the game was not worth the candle."

The Doors Are Opened

Nowadays it seems quite evident that the thesis of Drs. Urey and Conant has been made obsolete. This will, I think, be looked back on as the "gateway" year, the one in which doors were opened to the fullest development of atomic energy – the year of the peaceful atom.

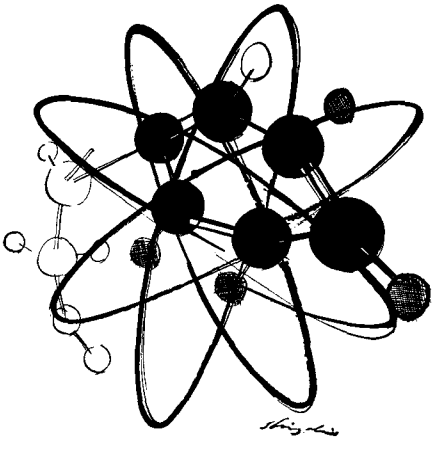
Support for this prediction is not difficult to come by. The evidence includes: plans for building central-station nuclear power plants in this country and Britain with a total capacity of more than 2,800,000 kilowatts (about the present conventional power capacity of Consolidated Edison of New York); the opening this month of a U.N. atomic-energy conference in Geneva; completion of arrangements between this country and twenty-six other nations for the United States to lend them nuclear fuel and other assistance; and development of atomic-energy programs in more than a dozen countries.

No small part of the reason for this sudden burst of activity can be attributed to the political usefulness of the atom. It has become a major element in the balance between West and East. In addition, national pride has pitched us into a competitive battle with the British.

No longer is the weapons stockpile a measure of prowess in atomic energy. Leadership in nuclear power is what is important now.

Lag in Civilian Power

In the power-reactor field, which lies at the heart of all nuclear power development, the U.S. record has been



rather spotty. Under the original Atomic Energy Act of 1946 almost all our reactor-development work was for military purposes. Indeed, the McMahon Act, as it was called, did not permit any significant nongovernmental work on the atom. We started like a house afire, then went through a period of depressed activity in which objectives were ill-defined and projects ill-conceived and sometimes abandoned, and finally came into the current period of frenzied work.

Not until December, 1951, exactly nine years after we operated our first reactor, was the first electricity produced from a reactor in this country, at an AEC plant in Idaho, and only one hundred kilowatts were generated. Finally, in 1954, Congress changed all this by amending the Atomic Energy Act, which made it possible for the first time to push both civilian development at home and the Eisenhower "atoms-for-peace" plan abroad. In the interim, the AEC was criticized for what many considered lack of progress in civilian power. "The slowness," according to Dr. Kenneth S. Pitzer, the AEC's former director of research, "did not arise from a lack of designs for power reactors which reputable scientists and engineers were willing to build and test. It came rather from an unwillingness of the Commission to proceed with any one of these designs until all of the advisers agreed that this was the best "design." But above all there was the overriding reason that this country is not yet running out of its conventional power resources, such as water and coal.

On this account the AEC never fought a convincing battle to get funds for civilian nuclear-power projects. Our scientists and engineers were gaining important technical experience, but they did so on government projects where cost was not the paramount factor it would have to be in an industrial plant. As Dr. W. H. Zinn, director of AEC's Argonne National Laboratory and one of the world's leading reactor scientists, put it: "I am getting a little impatient, however, in looking at plants which always make something else. They make plutonium or they make military power, but they are not directed toward making civilian power and making it economically."

The Big Change

Despite vigorous prodding from industry, it wasn't until 1953 that the AEC fully realized the broad significance of atomic power beyond possible dollars-and-cents savings on the power bill. On May 26 of that year, the Commission issued a "power policy statement" which concluded that "It would be a major setback to the position of this country in the world to allow its present leadership in nuclear power development to pass out of its hands."

Five months later AEC Com-

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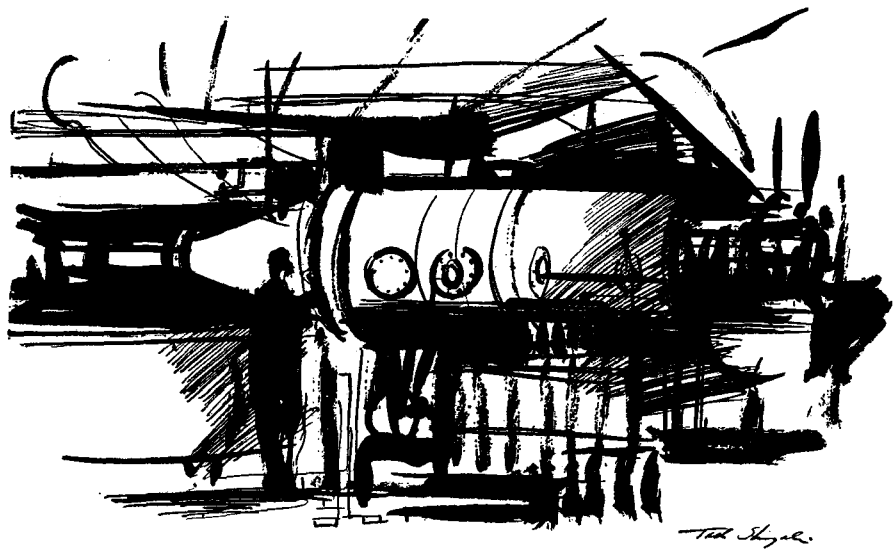

missioner Thomas E. Murray announced that the United States would build its first full-scale atomic-power plant, of more than 60,000 kilowatts capacity.

Murray tied this announcement together with the statement that we must beat the Russians to nuclear power lest they gain an advantage over us in the ability to offer foreign nations nuclear-power technology in exchange for uranium.

Thus the decision to build the first large nuclear-power plant in this country was primarily motivated by concerns of international politics.

The AEC kept moving. In the spring of last year, the Commission announced a $242-million five-year government program for reactor development. Five completely different kinds of plants are to be built, including the 60,000-kilowatt one announced by Murray. The other four will be small prototypes.

The biggest stimulus to the U.S. power program came, however, only a few months ago, when the new atomic law bore its first fruits. In the last two weeks of March, four private utility groups and one public-power district revealed plans to build among them about 700,000 kilowatts of nuclear-electric capacity. At least two of the companies, Consolidated Edison of New York, which will go into production in 1959, and Commonwealth Edison of Illinois, which will start producing in 1960, have offered to foot the bill for these plants without any government assistance.

The President's Speech

The U.S. awakening back in 1953 to the importance of the peacetime atom in international affairs culminated in President Eisenhower's "atoms-for-peace" address before the General Assembly of the United Nations in December of that year. This speech fired enthusiasm throughout the world and kindled hope in people everywhere that there was potential good for all in the atom.

Mr. Eisenhower laid down two approaches to atomic assistance—the establishment of an international atomic agency and the development of bilateral agreements and relationships between the United States and other nations. We have moved slowly on the first, but increased speed may now be forced by the Russians' announcement at the summit conference that they will contribute atomic materials to the international pool once agreement is reached on setting up the agency.

On the second approach we have made considerable progress, signing bilateral agreements with twenty-six nations. The government has obviously favored this approach over the proposed international agency. The reason is not obscure. It makes it easier for the United States to control who has access to atomic information and materials. More important, bilateral "agreements for co-operation" can be used to tie other countries more closely to us.

Some nations realize this and resent it. The head of the atomic-energy program in one country, on his way to Washington to discuss a bilateral agreement, told me that if his country could not get what it wanted without too many strings attached, it would turn to the British.

Doubtless many of the nations involved would prefer to work through an agency, but some wonder whether the agency will in fact ever be set up. Certainly Congress showed no enthusiasm for the idea when it revised the Atomic Energy Act last year, and as the law now stands, Presidential action on any kind of pool or agency must be approved by Congress. Meanwhile there is also the fear abroad that such an agency, once set up, would be reduced to playing the role of a middleman or broker for atomic materials and information with the original supplier rather than the agency making the decisions on what's done with them. This dim view is widespread despite the hope of such people as Morehead Patterson, U.S. Representative for International Atomic Energy Negotiations, that "The International Agency would play the major role in making available power reactor technology and fuel and in promoting a program to locate power reactors and research reactors throughout the world in the places where they could do the most good."

UNHAPPILY, Mr. Patterson's views seem to differ sharply from the prevailing AEC policy. When it comes to power reactors—the greatest prize of all in the world-wide competition for atomic know-how and assistance—the United States is still unwilling to declassify or share its information. Thus twenty-three of the twenty-six bilateral agreements involve exchange of nonsecret information only and make no provision for co-operation in the development of nuclear power. Three—with Britain, Canada, and Belgium—do make such provisions, but only under certain conditions. Strings are firmly attached to all. Where the loan of nuclear fuel is involved, recipient nations must keep very careful records on how they use it and on how much they burn. Any help and equipment we offer can be used only in ways agreed on in advance.

Where secret data are to be transmitted by us, our partners may really be selling their souls. According

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to our law, they have got to maintain security safeguards and standards acceptable to us. And they cannot pass on such information to anyone not approved by this country.

Thus these countries are in the undignified position of being subject to our security laws. They can never be sure whether new technical developments had their origin in information that came from the United States or whether they were their own brain children. These nations will not be able to discuss atomic developments freely at home or with friendly countries.

For former AEC chairman Gordon Dean, these provisions have inspired a special kind of nightmare: "I can visualize someone in a foreign country friendly to the U.S. expressing a point of view in a public speech which would make him suspect by our security standards, this followed with Congressional investigations here into the arrangements made with that country, and finally charges, counter charges and much ill will."

Recent headlines, acclaiming the impressive score of our bilateral agreements, have ignored the strings attached. If we insist on pulling these strings, the headlines of tomorrow may tell a different story.

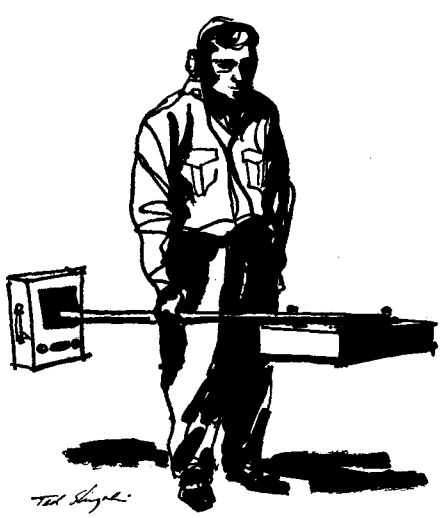
A VITAL PART of the Eisenhower program is the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy to be held by the United Nations at Geneva, August 8 to 20. All the evidence now is that it will be the most unusual scientific conference ever held. The material to be presented will include information never before revealed in public. The participants will include the world's foremost nuclear scientists from both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Hearing and watching them will be politicians, diplomats, and legislators from sixty-six nations. There will be industrialists manning hundreds of exhibits and attempting to sell their wares, and public-relations men hunting for clients. The customers will be men of many trades and professions who are becoming aware of the enormous capacity of the atom to transform their problems and fortunes.

Every possible effort is being made by the United Nations to keep the gathering from being political in character. But U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld, has accepted the inevitable. "The Geneva conference may turn out to be not only the greatest and most universal of all scientific meetings," he says, "but also a nonpolitical conference which nevertheless has consequences of deep political significance." The problem will be to keep politics from erupting all over the place during the actual meetings.

THE CONFERENCE will take place in the Palais des Nations—built for the League of Nations—where the technical papers will be read, and in exhibit halls. The twelve working days of the meeting will include plenary sessions covering almost every major aspect of nuclear energy from power reactors to the use of isotopes in industry, medicine, biology, and agriculture.

When the agenda was finally established, invitations to submit papers went out from the U.N. to eighty-four nations. The race was on to see which country could submit the most papers. Right from the outset, the U.S. approach was not to



see how many *good* papers could be produced but rather to make certain that the entire agenda was blanketed by U.S. papers. This was easy to do because the U.S. atomic-energy program covers the entire field.

As of this writing, thirty-three nations have announced papers: the United States, five hundred and twenty-five; the United Kingdom, one hundred; the Soviet Union, ninety-four; France, sixty. The really big question about the papers is: Which of the atomic "Big Three" will go furthest in providing information?

The papers that the Russians have proposed may be shockers to the West. Until now, the United States, Britain, and Canada have had a common agreement on what should be kept secret and what should be declassified. Their decisions have been based on what they guessed the Russians do not know. Although the scope of the Soviet papers does not compare with that in the United States, there are indications that they do have a highly diversified atomic program and are working on many kinds of plants of the kind we have here. It would not be surprising if the Russians are far enough along to compete in the reactor export business.

A number of other countries have done very sophisticated work in the nuclear field—especially in such ventures as the joint Dutch-Norwegian atomic-energy laboratory in Oslo.

Such efforts underline the problem that the United States faces as it approaches the atomic conference. Back in December a U.S. policy-maker in the atomic field told me, "It is not necessary to have a major declassification to make the conference a success. We must balance the advantages of exchanging information via bilateral agreements as against doing a 'strip tease' at the conference." If this philosophy is followed, the United States may be hurt at the meeting. It would be most effective and dramatic if we were to declassify the entire field of peaceful nuclear technology. This course of action is being urged on the Atomic Energy Commission by many responsible persons. Gordon Dean has argued: "If we operate on the assumption that there are real security considerations in the reactor field we are going to tie our hands and the hands of other countries in the West."

The great concept at Geneva is that of free information freely given. Once its full implications are recognized this concept will capture the interest and enthusiasm of the world. Up till now the competition between the atomic "haves" has been directed toward stockpiling bombs and toward withholding informa-

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tion from one another and from their own peoples. At Geneva the competition will lie in demonstrating the peaceful uses of atomic energy and to servicing the atomic have-nots. This will pose an about face of the prevailing policies on atomic information, above all for the United States.

How ready will we be to cope with this situation? The answer lies in the hands of the Atomic Energy Commission. The law says that the AEC may declassify anything it wants as long as it determines that there is no "undue risk to the common defense and security" of this nation. Thus the Commission can follow one of three courses of action. It can go into Geneva maintaining the status quo, determined to keep secret a lot of vital information on nuclear-power plants. It can decide to declassify everything without publicizing the fact in advance and spring it as a surprise in the discussion periods at Geneva. Or it can do what would probably bring the United States the most friends—open up completely before the starting date of the conference and announce this to the world. The last two steps would require the consent of our British and Canadian partners.

We may well be pushed into action by the Soviets, who held their own international atoms-for-peace conference in Moscow a month ago and unveiled for the first time their own nuclear power plant.

Unless we move quickly, we may also be embarrassed during the conference by the sudden realization that more advanced atomic work is going on in other countries than we thought. In at least two instances, information said to be secret here has been published in European journals. If we continue our present secrecy standards, this will happen again and again.

Exhibits

Another type of battle will take place in the exhibit halls. Official governmental displays will be put up at the Palais des Nations. We will have four thousand square feet, the United Kingdom three thousand, and the Russians 2,600. There will also be a large popular exhibit by the U.S. Information Agency in downtown Geneva.

From what I have seen and heard, I know that the U.S. exhibit will be spectacular, costing at least a million dollars. In addition to an operating nuclear reactor on the grounds of the Palais, this country will have working models of a number of types of reactors, chemical processing plants, and other equipment.

Yet our government failed to play up the role of U.S. industry in its conference plans. There is no question that industry has already played a bigger role in atomic energy in this country than in any other. In June, only a few weeks after its program finally went into effect, the AEC announced that eighty-one companies had signed agreements under which they would have access to classified information. Perhaps the best evidence of the growth of the atomic industry is the fact that the Atomic Industrial Forum includes more than two hundred companies.

The constant effort of these companies has been to push this country toward practical atomic power. But as Senator Clinton Anderson (D., New Mexico) pointed out in the June 30 issue of *The Reporter*, the AEC, with what looks like an unbecoming suspicion of private enterprise, goes on resisting the prodding.

This is most apparent in the foreign field. The AEC began by writing into our bilateral agreements the provision that American firms could be expected to assist in designing and building atomic plants for other nations. But since then the Commission has done nothing to make it possible for U.S. companies to do business abroad. Specifically, it has not even told them how, under the prevailing atomic law, they can sell power reactors abroad.

Geneva would have been the place for U.S. companies to display their wares in the trade fair. This is what foreign industry will be doing there in their bid to get export business. But the AEC did absolutely nothing to help companies arrange for exhibits. On the other hand, Britain has worked closely with its industry, with the result that there will be some thirty British companies exhibiting as compared with twenty-two U.S. firms.

The London *Economist* warned its readers recently that no one would take British competition seriously "unless we prepare to put our cards on the table and our goods in the shop window — with the same 'Marked Down to Half Price' label on them as will soon appear in the competitor's shop." The *Economist* gives us more credit than we have yet deserved. If the United States wishes to maintain its advantage in atomic development—whether in terms of dollars and cents or, more importantly, of moral and political leadership, our government officials, and especially the AEC, must reverse their thinking.

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The Geopolitics Of Baseball

CHARLES EINSTEIN

UNTIL THREE YEARS AGO, the map of major-league baseball had gone unchanged for half a century. Since then, three big-league teams have moved—the Braves from Boston to Milwaukee for the 1953 season, the Browns from St. Louis to Baltimore for 1954, and the Athletics from Philadelphia to Kansas City for this year.

In fealty to Gresham's second law, which is that better baseball drives out worse except in Pittsburgh, the arrival of a major-league team has in each instance occasioned the departure of a minor-league team. Milwaukee's franchise in the American Association was transferred, upon the coming of the Braves, to Toledo, which had given up *its* team (the Mudhens) to Charleston, West Virginia, a year earlier. The Baltimore team of the International League was moved to Richmond. Denver replaced Kansas City in the American Association, and Omaha moved into the same league to take the place of Columbus, Ohio, which switched over to the International League to replace Ottawa, which had taken the place of Jersey City when the effects of major-league telecasts drove Jersey City's team out of the New York metropolitan area along with Newark's team, which moved to Springfield, Massachusetts, and at the moment is operating out of Havana. Perhaps it was not totally without symbolic overtones that two years ago the ball park at Waco, Texas, was blown away by a tornado.

More Big Leagues

Since musical chairs is at best an acquired taste, it is proper to assume that baseball has had real reasons for this relocating. No less interesting than the underlying causes are the inherent consequences. To reach the new population centers of the Pacific Coast, major-league baseball must expand at the direct expense of minor-league baseball, which is on the brink of ruin already.

Only a few years ago, talk of a third major league could be treated as prima-facie evidence of a disordered mind. Today, such talk may tend toward understatement. It is not unreasonable to believe that well within our time, the baseball world may consist of five major leagues—and no minor leagues at all.

So broad an assertion meets at once with three main objections: first, there are not enough players of sufficient skill for five major leagues; second, a plan calling for forty teams would require nearly as many ball parks of big-league seating capacity; third, without minor leagues it would be impossible to give players the proper seasoning.

The outstanding weakness of these objections is not that they can be answered—which they can—but that they apply not only to this five-league vision of the future but to the two major leagues of today.

It must be recognized that there are already big-league teams deficient in talent, seating capacity, and minor-league farm holdings. What is more, from time to time they make money. In 1954, for example, the Cincinnati Reds operated in the black financially with a team that finished no better than fifth in the National League standings, with the smallest park in the majors (seating capacity 29,584), and with only three fully owned farm teams, none in the top minor leagues, in their chain. Outlanders may be appalled to learn, for that matter, that just over one per cent of Brooklyn can fit into Ebbets Field at one time.

NOWHERE in baseball is the disparity among ball players and among ball parks any more marked than in the major leagues. As for using the minors as a training ground for players, this proposition is wildly beside the point. The essence of the minor leagues is the farm system, which enables parent big-league clubs to control the services of up-and-coming young players without having to pay them big-league salaries. Retain the fundamental structure of this control and it is immaterial to the major-league club whether its prospects are seasoned in the minors, on the sandlots under the American Legion baseball program, within the semi-pro ranks, or in our colleges. Scholars who feel that this last alternative is too depressing are invited to consider that professional football does not want for talent although it has no minor-league teams. Nor are the colleges themselves mere innocent bystanders. On September 1, an agreement goes into effect between the National Collegiate Athletic Association and organized baseball under which the professionals can sign up a college ball player either before his sophomore year or after his senior year but not during the intervening span. The signing of a professional contract invalidates a player's eligibility for college athletics, and varsity eligibility begins, in most cases, with the sophomore year.

The Minors and TV

It is becoming increasingly evident that the dependency of the minor leagues upon the major leagues for money and players exceeds the dependency of the majors upon the minors as a depot and staging ground for human properties. A little ballet work with the books can prove, from time to time, that the minor leagues are not loss operations—for example, you can say that you made a $5,000 profit on a minor league operation that lost $15,000 by selling one of the players from that minor-league team to somebody else for $20,000. But this is at best a

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device used to quiet stockholders.

Kept alive by the majors, the minors not infrequently express the full measure of their thanks by threatening to take the majors to court for telecasting into their territory; nor is it particularly ameliorative that such threats are hardly ever carried out. The minor leagues are, after all, part and parcel of the restrictive monopoly that is baseball, so perhaps one of the reasons they find it preferable not to sue is the disturbing possibility that they might win.

Baseball settled out of court in 1949 when a suit came along testing the game's reserve clause, which underlies baseball's operational structure by giving a club a right to a player's services even though he could earn more money from another team. And while both houses of Congress have interested themselves in baseball in recent years, the most noteworthy result of these investigations was the testimony of a catcher named Joe Garagiola, who said he planned to become a sports broadcaster in St. Louis, home of his former team, the Cardinals. What would happen, he was asked, if in a pennant race someone offered Roy Campanella, catcher of the Brooklyn Dodgers, a large sum to quit baseball and take up broadcasting? You can't compare me with Campanella, Senator," Garagiola responded. "You're looking at a .250 hitter."

Television, not without governmental blessing, has reduced almost to nothing the doctrine of territorial rights that once made the minor leagues safe from invasion. As long ago as 1948, the minors, sensing disaster, passed a resolution that no team could televise beyond the horizon. Yet even if this had received the necessary approval from the majors and the horizon had been established as a point a certain number of miles from the TV transmitter and somebody had figured out how you would go about stopping the program from going any farther, such legislation would not have saved all. The utter speed with which Newark and Jersey City had their teams driven from the New York area is testimony not only to television's influence but to the one rule that has successfully been drawn from television's effects on attendances at sporting events—namely, that *TV does not necessarily hurt attendance at a series of major events, but it ruins any series of competing minor events within range of the telecast.* Thus there is talk of bringing baseball back to the populous New Jersey area—TV or no TV—but it would be *major league* baseball.

The Five Leagues

The geopolitics of baseball is such, however, that the majors will first turn westward. The Pacific Coast League, with a bold unite-or-die front, has been safe from the inroads of the majors so far, for two reasons: One or two big-league teams would spend themselves to death getting to and from the Coast to play games; and only recently have one-a-week telecasts of major-league games reached the Coast. Now, though, the populace of the Pacific shores is beginning to know that there are places where a curve ball really curves. The big problem that remains is one of physical distance.

A big-league team operating out of Los Angeles might ruin the Pacific Coast League by knocking out its two key clubs, Los Angeles and Hollywood, but if it operated solo it would ruin itself on airline fares. Similarly, no Eastern team in its right mind would want to fly more than a thousand miles from the farthest jump-off point for the privilege of playing, or maybe even getting smogged out, in Los Angeles. Often in the major leagues today the difference between a winning and losing season, financially speaking, comes down to a matter of four rainy Sundays.

On the other hand, a team would do very nicely in an eight-team league that had franchises, let us say, in Los Angeles, New Orleans, San Antonio, Dallas, St. Louis, Kansas City, Houston, and San Diego. But of course, Los Angeles actually can support two teams, which would give it a franchise also in another league, along perhaps with San Francisco, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Chicago.

Chicago, with a franchise in *that* league, would have another team too—in a league with Detroit, Cleveland, Youngstown, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Columbus, and Cincinnati. That would leave New York, with the four teams *its* area can support, splitting its teams two-and-

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two in two other leagues. One would go New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Buffalo, Toronto, Montreal, Providence, and Albany. The other would go New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Louisville, Washington, Atlanta, and Birmingham.

The Why and How

Five major leagues. Such a vision, far from being drawn wholly from the field of narcotics, would even maintain a number of traditional rivalries (led by Dodgers vs. Giants, of course). It would take in the thirty-three largest cities in the United States in terms of the populations of their metropolitan areas as determined by the 1950 census (none lower than half a million), plus the two biggest cities of Canada, Montreal and Toronto, each with metropolitan populations of more than a million. The area population is important, as in the example of Albany, sixty-eighth in the nation in population within city lines but thirty-first in area population.

At the four-million mark, it seems reasonable to assign more than one team to a city (Chicago and Los Angeles would qualify); at the thirteen-million mark, four teams sound fair (New York). All others would have one team each.

As visionary as such a plan may sound, it has the advantage over a number of others that baseball men themselves have used as trial balloons in recent months. In one national magazine, for example, a veteran baseball writer predicted a third major league whose clubs included Los Angeles, Seattle, Minneapolis, and Dallas. Heaven help the front-office man who has to pay the travel bills in that loop!

The five-league plan is the most realistic from another point of view, which is this: A third major league would almost certainly kill off the minors, with the exception of that handful of Class-D leagues which low expenses and side jobs make self-supporting. And that in turn would leave vast areas, almost certainly including the entire quadrant east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio, without organized baseball.

It is pertinent to repeat here that a city's inability to support minor-league ball is no indication of a similar failure to support a big-league team. Milwaukee, which had refused to support a pennant-winner in the fastest minor league, turned around and set an all-time attendance record for a non-winner in the National League. Significantly also, the three big-league teams that have been forced to move so far were all operating out of two-team big-league cities.

No one expects so vast a turnover to be accomplished overnight. On the other hand, no one expects the minor leagues to make money or television to become less effective, and the problem is not one which lends itself to a multitude of solutions.

FURTHERMORE, a city's chances of getting big-league baseball will always depend on such large sums of money as Milwaukee, Kansas City, and Baltimore ponied up to get their teams. This money is essential, especially because it is the outright purchase of players from established franchises that will be the means of spreading the talent around as the big leagues expand. But enthusiasm for baseball knows few financial bounds. To offer a classic proof, there was even a well-defined move afoot on the part of civic-minded citizens of St. Louis to retain the Browns. Greater love hath no fan.

A system of playoffs would have to be devised, of course, to effect a World Series—but such a system would have to be fashioned for a third major league, and no less an observer than Baseball Commissioner Ford C. Frick has said he regards another league as a distinct possibility. What he has not said is that a third league would face expenses, mainly in traveling and in helping support whatever might be left of the minor leagues, that five leagues would not.

The guideposts, such as they are, say five big leagues. But don't let Tokyo hear about that. There might be six.

HOW THEY WOULD LOOK

EASTERN LEAGUE

Albany	514,490
Boston	2,369,986
Brooklyn	12,911,994
Buffalo	1,089,230
Montreal	1,395,400
New York	12,911,994
Providence	737,203
Toronto	1,117,470

CENTRAL LEAGUE

Chicago	5,495,364
Cincinnati	904,402
Cleveland	1,465,511
Columbus	503,410
Detroit	3,016,197
Indianapolis	551,777
Pittsburgh	2,213,236
Youngstown	528,498

SOUTHERN LEAGUE

Atlanta	671,797
Baltimore	1,337,373
Birmingham	558,928
Louisville	576,900
Newark	12,911,994
New York	12,911,994
Philadelphia	3,671,048
Washington	1,464,089

NORTHWEST LEAGUE

Chicago	5,495,364
Denver	563,832
Los Angeles	4,367,911
Milwaukee	871,047
Minneapolis	1,116,509
Portland	704,829
San Francisco	2,240,767
Seattle	732,992

SOUTHWEST LEAGUE

Dallas	614,799
Houston	806,701
Kansas City	814,357
Los Angeles	4,367,911
New Orleans	685,405
St. Louis	1,681,281
San Antonio	500,460
San Diego	556,808

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Gertrude Stein's American Years

ELIZABETH SPRIGGE

In 1934 Gertrude Stein wrote, "And so the time comes when I can tell the story of my life," but in fact she didn't. She scattered autobiographical material throughout her books but never pieced the whole together. And so anybody, to use one of her favorite words, has to.

I want to begin at the beginning but no one, they tell me, knows much about her antecedents. Well, in her *The Making of Americans* there is a beautiful description of the "strong foreign woman" who "led her family out of the old world into the new one," and "the very gentle creature," who loved his home and a quiet life and would never have thought of a new world, yet allowed himself to be transplanted in order that his family might grow rich. These people, Gertrude Stein tells us, were her grandmother and grandfather and she calls him a butcher and refers elsewhere to his having come from Frankfurt, all of which I accepted until, a few weeks after my arrival in the States, an untitled, undated obituary notice fell into my grateful hands.

In the Stein Collection, which forms part of the fine collection of American literature in the Yale University Library, there are many big boxes tight packed with press clippings referring to Gertrude Stein, but this particular treasure has somehow been separated from its fellows, where I might never have found it, and from the ragged scrap of paper rises the ghost of a very young man. As I think the words, I recall her play *Yes Is For a Very Young Man*.

"Yes," in this case, was for Meyer Stein who in 1841, at the age of eighteen, went adventuring from the old world to the new and, seeing an opportunity to make a fortune there, induced his whole family to join him. But his father, Michael Stein, is called not butcher but merchant, and comes from Weikersgrubben, a Bavarian village. Michael was Gertrude's grandfather, and in 1845 a large clothing establishment known as Stein Brothers opened in Baltimore. Her father, Daniel, was only thirteen at the time, but presently he would become one of the Brothers.

Daniel and Milly

So I watch this family growing up, the daughters marrying, the sons, handsome blond young Jews, prospering in business and earning the esteem of the neighborhood. Meanwhile, in books and letters I seek out the other grandparents, the hard, religious father and "dreary little trickling mother" who had "so many and such pleasant little children." These were the Keysers, earlier immigrants of Dutch-German origin. Mr. Keyser is said to have been a

tanner but became a rubber merchant, and his daughter Amelia, Milly to the family, born in 1842, was Gertrude's mother.

Now the Civil War sweeps across them. In France during the Occupation Gertrude Stein will remember the stories her mother told her, how the Northern soldiers were stoned as they passed through Baltimore and families disrupted by taking different sides, yet ordinary life had to go on day after day the same as ever. And although the Keysers were for the South and the Steins for the North this does not prevent Daniel and Amelia from marrying as soon as the war is over.

Meanwhile there has been a split, a not rare thing in the Stein family, and Daniel and his brother Solomon strike off for Pennsylvania. Old maps and directories in the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh lead me to the downtown corner where for ten years the new Stein Brothers will trade in wholesale clothing and cloths, and over to Allegheny which Gertrude Stein acknowledged as her birthplace.

I cross the splendid meeting of the three rivers, blind to anything outside my period, demolishing and rebuilding until I can only see the older buildings, the unchanged trees and hills and the paddle steamers still plying between the warehouses. From old newspapers I am enchanted to learn that Western Avenue, where the brothers built the twin houses Gertrude mentions, was "the most high-hat street" of "the bon-ton section" of Allegheny, now a part of Pittsburgh but in those days a separate town. One paper suggests that those dwellings have been demolished, but perhaps only the numbers have changed, for here are paired red houses, white-trimmed, white-stepped, shabby now in a fallen street, but muttering of past refinement.

Again the ghosts walk. I see those well set-up, rather proud young men, in their tall hats and smartly cut clothes (advertising the firm), strolling down the cobbled street and being drawn in a horse car or crossing by ferry to their steadily flourishing business. They have taken to culture and are respectable and respected citizens, enjoying all the amenities of an American middle class only a quarter of a century after their parents emerged from their Bavarian village. And now they, the sons, are raising their families; in those twin houses babies are being born each year to grow up in the new prosperity.

Presently the sisters-in-law fall out, the partnership is dissolved, and Daniel moves his family to the next street where, in 1874, the year that Allegheny is wrecked by fire and flood, Gertrude, the youngest of his five surviving children—she was actually, I believe, the seventh child of a seventh child—is born. Whatever the quarrel may have been, she was always grateful to her mother for not making it up with her aunt, for in that case she might have been raised

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in New York, whither Solomon now moved to become a banker. As it was, Daniel, always changeable and full of ideas, thinks that some European education will be good for the children and whisks his family over to Austria, where he leaves them for months at a time while he goes back and explores new ways of making money.

So Gertie, the baby, is born, and I gradually learn many details of her first years. By telephoning to everyone of the name in countless

directories—"Do you happen to be related to Miss Gertrude Stein?"—I track down her nephew on his farm near Baltimore. Here I am shown a number of letters from Milly and her sister Rachel written home to Baltimore.

Soon the picture of these years will be filled out by Mrs. Stein's tiny detailed diaries, which I hear of in the East and think are lost but find treasured in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley, California. From her faded handwriting I come to admire the way Milly runs her household, engaging servants and governesses, doing her daily accounts first in marks and then in francs, cherishing the children, and unfailingly recording the weather while she waits for her "dear Dan." "Oh God, send him a safe return!" And whenever he does come I rejoice that they go out together and have a good time, leaving Aunt Rachel in charge.

There are pictures too from which to make the sets and costumes for the early scenes: family portraits, groups, the children with tutor and Hungarian governess, Milly on horseback with a not quite good enough seat for her Elizabeth-of-Austria habit, and Gertie, her aunt's "darling little dumpling," as a pretty baby or a sturdy sashed-and-booted toddler, already with a big and handsome head. The whole thing has become a jigsaw into which I fit a piece every day. The background is built of many places and people, and in the center stand Daniel, "big in the size of him and in his way of thinking," uncertain, irritable but "in some ways a splendid kind of person," and Milly, the "sweet gentle little mother . . . who had sometimes a fierce little temper in her." In the foreground is Gertrude, growing up with the two brothers who mattered to her and the other brother and the sister who did not.

So far it is a picture of a substantial middle-class family – Gertrude Stein was always grateful for this heritage; she disliked intellectuals and did not include them in her middle class—engaged in the pursuits of its kind, sightseeing and music and skating, and shopping expeditions to fit out the children suitably for each new season. Then, as suddenly as he exiled them, Daniel brings them all back to Baltimore for one winter and then out—a permanent move this time, and for him and Milly the last one—to California.

So I follow, Daniel Stein's restlessness beckoning me from one ocean to the other.

The Golden Gate

It is 1880, just over thirty years since the discovery of gold changed California from a pastoral Spanish outpost to a commercial, cosmopolitan American state—young and robust, and fighting its way in these days in which the Steins become Californian. I remember how Gertrude loves Western unconventionality and complains in her writings that New Englanders have no struggle in them. She was instinct with struggle, and there is plenty here on the heels of the Gold Rush with the new population still pouring in, villages becoming cities overnight, fortunes being made and lost, and anybody doing anything. One can see Daniel throwing clothing, which had earned him a small fortune, to the winds, and anticipating a big one as he excitedly invests in mines and railroads and cable cars, and brings up his sons and daughters, in spite of middle-class respectability, to vehemence and freedom.

Now I make friends with Oakland's historian. Together we paddle the streets and the paths, finding places where the Steins lived, went to school, walked, rode, and caught the stage coach. The little railroad depot where Daniel took a horse car, except on the days when Milly drove him rather anxiously to the ferry in the gig, is unchanged. The ferries are few now, but it is easy to reconstruct the scene. Crossing the bay was an adventure to the children; Gertrude was charmed by the free musicians, Portuguese and Italian, playing on the boat.

The old Stratton House where they lived in East Oakland has gone from its place, but we see several biggish rambling wooden houses which may easily, my guide assures me, be the one, for houses here were sometimes moved bodily to make room for developments. I see the remains of rich orchards and remember that the Duncans were neighbors —Mr. Duncan was selling Chinese shawls in San Francisco and Raymond used to steal the Stein apples.

This was their first and only home and they loved it: ". . . they had ten acres where they had every kind of fruit tree that could be got there to do any growing, and they had cows and dogs and horses and hay making, and the sun in the summer dry and baking, and the wind in the autumn and in the winter the rain beating and then in the springtime the hedge of roses to fence all these joys in."

I observe the eucalyptus trees that

the small Gertrude found so tall and thin and savage, and walk and read myself into the countryside of those early happy days when she and her youngest brother, Leo, were always together, and when Milly "who could only know well-to-do middle-class living, who never knew what it was her husband and her children were working out inside and around them," was looking after her erratic

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husband and her three bright and two dull children with the whole of her failing strength.

Brother Leo

The jigsaw grows; and within this Californian framework I fit in many pieces from Gertrude Stein's writings. She was glad to be the youngest of the family, this giving her forever a sense of being cherished, and she paints a picture of an extraordinarily

free and happy childhood. They did not live in the rich part of Oakland, and so her playmates were children of people poorer than themselves, which gave her a taste of both worlds. And she was allowed to go camping alone with Leo in the mountains; they "dragged a little wagon and slept closely huddled together." They would shoot birds and rabbits. ("We were heartless youngsters then, and were so fond of our shooting that we had no sympathy for our victims.") But she is sensitive to the crisp, clear, fragrant air of California and the beauty of the nights ("In other lands the heavens appear as a surface; here every star hangs down out of the blue behind it"), and at the same time critical ("We have so little forest country . . . that our walks are apt to be monotonous . . . the view was not particularly picturesque. There was a painful sameness and artificiality about those squares of vineyard . . ."). .

All this time too she is reading; she and Leo spend every cent they have on books and the only thing she minds about the measles is that she is not allowed to use her eyes.

Gradually, however, the scene darkens. Into Milly's still faithfully kept diaries creep, pathetically often, mentions of fatigue, medicinal baths, visits to the doctor, and when Gertrude is fourteen the "little unimportant mother," as she calls her in *The Making of Americans,* meaning really non-self-important, leaves her wayward family to its own devices. Light though her control has been, the lack of it causes complete disorder: Daniel is more eccentric than ever and shuts himself up for days at a time; the eldest son, who might have had a steadying influence, is away at Johns Hopkins University; the middle one has an unskilled job in San Francisco; the other daughter is hopelessly housekeeping, and Leo and Gertrude pursue their own wild ways. Meals cease to be at regular times and soon the table is not laid at all. Leo and Gertrude go to concerts in San Francisco, or walk all night and sleep all day, and adolescence comes painfully in perplexity and confusion. Her descriptions of the different stages in childhood and adolescence are most revealing, and now begins the time "in which predominated the fear of death, not so much of death as of dissolution. . ."

Books are her only solace; she turns more and more to them. Having run through the Free Library in Oakland, she begins reading all and every day in the Mercantile and Mechanics Libraries of the city. It is a symptom of her panic that she is afraid her avid appetite will exhaust

even these great collections, and yet sometimes she reacts even against books. Later she describes herself at this time sitting in her favorite nook of a library, "a dark-skinned girl in the full sensuous development of budding womanhood" – William Vaughan Moody, her tutor at Radcliffe, commenting, "are the ideas quite congruous?" She has been deeply stirred by listening to Chopin's Funeral March and "could not endure to rest longer. 'Books, books,' she muttered, 'is there no end to it? Nothing but myself to feed my own eager self, nothing given to me but musty books.' "

This youthful piece of autobiographical writing ends with the mention of her father's death. She is quite unsentimental about it. Indeed, in *Everybody's Autobiography* she is extremely funny about fathers in general, but the break-up of their old home adds to her depression. I watch her, seventeen now and grown very introspective, striding the streets of San Francisco—where she has come to live—and struggling with her gloom. Leo has gone to Harvard and, although her eldest brother is her legal guardian, her life is largely in her own hands. After searching in vain for family papers in a lawyer's office, the draft of Daniel Stein's will tumbles into my lap from a box of old photographs; and I learn that each of his children received an equal share of his property. So the perplexed young Gertrude, not knowing yet what to do with it, has an income of her own.

On to Radcliffe

At last Gertrude Stein goes East again, but she has become forever very Californian. "After all," she was to write many years later, "anybody is as their land and air is. Anybody is as the sky is low or high," and to her relatives in Baltimore she seems a wild Westerner and almost a foreigner. However she loves the aunt with whom she goes to live and soon comes to love Baltimore too. "Baltimore, sunny Baltimore, where no one is in a hurry and the voices of the negroes singing as their carts go lazily by, lull you into drowsy reveries."

In this gentle atmosphere I see her becoming "more humanized and less adolescent and less lonesome," before taking her own first important step in life and going to college. Her education has been ragged, and although she dislikes discipline she feels she needs some schooling. The Harvard Annexe, later to become

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Radcliffe, is the obvious choice, for not only is Leo at Harvard, but Harvard's excellent faculty also instructs the women. So off she goes and registers, bluffing her qualifications, and succeeds in being admitted as a special student.

Now therefore I find myself walking around the red-brick buildings

and little gray timber houses of Cambridge, and watching the vigorous, blue-eyed, bright-bearded ghost of William James striding across the Harvard Yard to repeat his lectures to the girls and cast his influence forever upon the life and work of Gertrude Stein.

His personality and his teaching and his way of amusing himself with himself and his students all please her. As she once wrote: "Keep your mind open, he used to say, and when someone objected, but Professor James this that I say is true, Yes, said James, it is abjectly true."

I can hear the deep, lusty laughter which all Gertrude Stein's friends describe as one "like a beefsteak," and feel how her own love of liberty responds to his free nature, and I can see too how her courage and originality would interest James, always attracted by the uncommon. But it is not only his personality that grips her but the subjects he is teaching—philosophy and psychology—and his empiric approach to them and distrust of pure intellectualism. She is in her element: The brilliant experimental psychologist Hugo Münsterberg, whom James had brought from Germany, finds her his ideal student. And although she herself is always more concerned with the conscious than the subconscious, it is the experiments she now conducts in automatic writing—James loved a planchette—with a young Harvard friend, which open her eyes to her interest in the "bottom nature" of human beings. She is no good herself as a subject, nor do the results of the tests interest her, but she is fascinated by the difference in the reactions of her fellow students who are making them.

These are glorious years, with Leo and friends of her own caliber to chase away the "lonesomeness" and fears of adolescence, and endless interests and amusements — the New York opera, for instance—to absorb her vitality, so enormous that it will live long after she is dead. And not only in term time, for in the long summer vacations there are enchanting journeys to Europe with Leo and some sometimes with their friends.

Remembrances

Ah, these friends! Now begins one of the most rewarding experiences of my quest, the getting in touch with people who knew the Steins in these early days, and especially with women who were her fellow students at Radcliffe or Johns Hopkins Medical School. What quality they have, these early products of higher education for women! Big-hearted, witty people and although, to borrow from Miss Stein's titles, sometimes *Before the Flowers of Friendship Faded Friendship Faded,* those who knew her well, even if critical, are loyal to their old affection.

Nonetheless I have to watch my step. One may explore places and papers without apparently troubling them, but live memories are shy and one must move as though bird watching if they are not to take flight. But once confidence is established, memories begin to flow, broken at first and uneven but increasing until presently the gulf between youth and age is scarcely visible. Then it is as if these old women have returned home after a long journey and the whole time away has telescoped.

Now the old film is played again, with beaux and bicycles, students in the costumes of the 1890's—"Gertie's shirt-waist never would stay with her skirt." The room rings with talk and laughter: "She poked my eyes open, kept plunging ahead and opening up vistas." "A terrific talker, but an elegant listener too; though if you asked her a question she didn't like she just looked through you and went on with what she was saying." "She had an enormous interest in herself and her own reactions." These are not surprising revelations, for Gertrude Stein describes herself well: "I talk a lot I like to talk and I talk even more than that I may say I talk most of the time and I listen a fair amount too . . ."

NIGHT-LONG talks and night-long walks. "We were all trackers then—often on a Saturday night Gertrude and I used to take the street car to the terminus and walk out anywhere in the country. Our friends thought we were crazy and sure to get into trouble, but I said if we had any bother with a man she was going to climb out on the furthest limb of a tree and drop on him. She was not light."

"She and Leo were enthusiastically collecting Japanese prints—with a very good eye too. She was indefatigable. When we went to the opera she used to play the themes to us first so we wouldn't miss anything. She was very musical, you know." Yes, I do know that she was and I never quite believe that she lost her taste for music, although later she was to declare that it was an art for adolescents.

"Without a doubt she was as clever as paint, but we all had to help her with her work. She never wrote good English and grammar meant nothing to her."

"Leo was a delightful young man and they were both very generous. I remember once walking in Italy—oh those wonderful walks with Gertrude talking all the time!—I gave Leo what I thought I owed him for expenses. He looked at the money vaguely and said: 'Why this amount more than any other?'"

"The love between the brother and sister then was very beautiful."

'Big and Floppy'

The story of Gertrude Stein writing at the top of a paper, "Dear Professor James, I'm so sorry but really I do not feel a bit like an examination

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Here are some of Gertrude Stein's books that are now in print:

FOUR IN AMERICA. *Yale University Press. $4.*

LAST OPERAS AND PLAYS. *Rinehart. $5.*

PICASSO. *British Book Centre. $3.*

SELECTED WRITINGS, edited by Carl Van Vechten. *Random House. $4.*

THREE LIVES. *New Directions. $1.75.*

paper in philosophy today," and leaving it at that is very well known. But although on this occasion he sympathizes and gives her high marks, to get her degree she has to conform, always a difficult matter for her. However, graduate she does and *magna cum laude,* and I follow her back again to Baltimore, where her little aunts are still living in their big house, to enter, on James's advice, the Johns Hopkins Medical School and continue training as a psychologist.

I am enchanted to discover that the medical school was added to the University a few years before Gertrude Stein's arrival by means of funds raised by a group of women on the unshakable condition that women were admitted on the same—not similar but *same*—terms as men. "The old battle-axe!" one distinguished retired brain surgeon exclaims when I ask what he thought of his one-time fellow student. "Miss Stein took the provision of the Foundation absolutely literally, and very embarrassing it was for us."

Another old gentleman smiles his memories while dangling bare feet from a bed in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. "Gertie? She had a face good to look at. She went flopping around the place. Other girls wore corsets then, but I never liked corsets anyway. Big and floppy and sandaled and not caring a damn." This makes me remember the story of the "dingy hat" which Gertrude wore for terms on end in spite of her friends' remonstrances, until at last one of them found it under her bed and burnt it, much to her annoyance. I also hear that she was always stained up to her elbows in whatever dye she was using in the laboratories, and that she and Leo used to put their feet up on the furniture, "which in those days nobody else did."

"Almost every week we went to the Holiday Street Theatre," the smiling old gentleman muses on. "Gertie was excited by those old melodramas. She was such fun and I always found her very bright. I bought her a graduation present I was so sure she'd get her degree, and then in the end she didn't."

"Of course she didn't," her housemate of those days, who became an eminent orthopedist, comments tartly. "Do you think I'd have got a degree myself if I hadn't worn my best hat? It had roses on it."

'She Dislikes Obstetrics'

So now the School as it was at the turn of the century is described, and I am directed to the houses where Gertrude Stein lived, a large one first with Leo, a small one later with this friend. Here I pause thinking how slowly houses change compared with the people who live in them. After all these years it is just as she describes it in *Three Lives:* ". . . one of a whole row of all the same kind that made a close pile like a row of dominoes that a child knocks over, for they were built along a street which at this point came down a steep hill. They were funny little houses, two stories high, with red brick fronts and long white steps."

"I had the downstairs room," her friend has explained. "Gertrude's living room was the large one above it. Once she got alarmed about her health—she thought something was the matter with her blood—so she hired a welterweight to box with her. The chandelier would swing to shouts of 'Now give me one on the jaw! Now give me one in the kidney!' Yes, it was a nice enough street except for the hens floating down the gutter. Our brass rails were polished till they glittered." This, I reflect, would have been the pride of Lena, the Good Anna of *Three Lives,* the German woman who adored her cherished Miss Mathilda, who was of course Gertrude herself.

Nowadays this is a Negro street—"Call them Negroes not colored people," Gertrude Stein said, "and call a Jew a Jew." As I watch them I remember how, doing her practical work here which she did not enjoy, she came into contact with Negroes and absorbed the rhythm of their living and their feeling and their speaking which she beautifully recreates in *Melanctha.*

As I WALK about the town I see her less happy than she was at Cambridge, because although she likes Baltimore and her relatives and enjoys "a good deal of intrigue and struggle among the students"—she enjoyed intrigue all her life—after the first two years at Johns Hopkins, medicine fails her and she it. It is as clear as mud, as she describes her own writing, that she only works when interested, and the hearty laughter that suited James does not go down well with the professors at Johns Hopkins, where there is much disapproval of women students. She dislikes obstetrics and gets up against the head of this department, refusing to put herself out to please him even when her degree is in danger. A friend pleaded, "But Gertrude, Gertrude, remember the cause of women," and Gertrude Stein said, "You don't know what it is to be bored."

"She spoiled much even of her good work on the brain tracts by carelessness," one contemporary tells me, "throwing her stuff down anyhow and messing up the slides," and another describes in a letter her climax of negligence. In an eleventh-hour hope of redeeming her degree,

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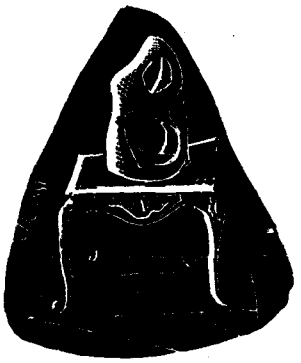
she is asked to make a model of an embryo human brain. She turns in a fantastic construction with the spinal cord twisted under the head of the embryo.

Reading of this, I immediately



want to anticipate any suggestion that Gertrude Stein was pulling the professor's leg. She was, as her friends are never tired of saying, grand fun, and she had a certain childlike simplicity; but she certainly did not play practical jokes. Some people are persuaded that in much of her work she was leg pulling – they say the same of Picasso. They ought to go through the great boxes of her scripts at Yale one by one and read the notes on the covers and in the margins of the children's exercise books that she used. They should observe the handwriting and watch the development of the style and consider the letters that she was writing at that time. No, Gertrude Stein is always sincere. She sometimes laughs at herself and she often invites her reader to laugh with her. But she never laughs at him. Not, by the way, that she expects to have a reader—"but truly I never feel it that there ever can be for me any such a creature, no it is this scribbled and dirty and lined paper that is really to be to me always my receiver."

"Why should I *do this*? It bores me," is a frequent remark of hers remembered by a Johns Hopkins friend, and it is this attitude that accounts for the peculiar model and for much else. One remembers her description of thanking the Professor who flunked her, telling him that she had "so much inertia and so little initiative" that if she had got her degree she would probably have practiced pathological psychology – "and you don't know how little I like pathological psychology, and how all the medicine bores me . . ." She always says she dislikes the abnormal, it is so obvious. She says the normal is so much more simply complicated and interesting.

THERE ARE many things to work out now so that the pieces fit: the inertia to reconcile with the exuberance and will power, the lack of initiative with the pioneer spirit, the gratitude for being flunked with the distress her contemporaries describe at not getting a medical degree. What a wonderful psychological study! I cannot help agreeing when someone says: "I do wish you were writing fiction," yet how would one invent such a rich and complex character? Finding the normal more interesting than the abnormal—maybe, but her normality is wide; there is room in it for every kind of man and woman and every kind of living and loving. "She was intolerant in the pride of her strength but no one could have had, theoretically, a broader outlook. She was tremendously moral, riding with great vigor all those hobbies that belong to the women known in current phrase as advanced." Moral, no doubt, but she is not a prude. "What's the matter with you girls from Smith," she tells her friends, "is raw virginity," and she explores emotions with the open mind William James has recommended. She is a rebel, fearing yet hoping a little, because it would be less painful, that one day she will conform. And always, in spite of her vitality and the stimulus she gives even those who do not like her, she carries within herself a panic fear of being bored.

So her education comes to an end without fulfilling the hopes of her Harvard professors, and while her friends are engrossed in their first jobs, she herself is once again free and undirected. So over she goes to Europe again, after which she and Leo winter in London and have their first contacts with English intellectuals. But although the British Museum provides sufficient literature she is depressed.

Back then she meanders to America, to join some college friends in a beautiful old apartment house on West 100th Street, with rosebushes and flowering locust trees in its riverside garden. But she does not like New York. Everyone else is working

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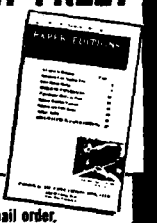

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and she is not satisfied with her life of leisure, although she reads and walks and buys her first picture—a Schilling landscape. Now she analyzes very truly and deeply her strong emotions which will soon be written in a novel, *Things As They Are,* which she forgets about and which is not published for half a century, not until after her death.

The Collectors

So my thoughts run on as I watch Gertrude Stein, now in her late twenties, marching with vigorously swinging arms into the new century, but not yet knowing, in spite of much self-confidence, what she is to do there. Presently I find myself in the Baltimore Museum of Art confronted with the Cone Collection. This sweeps Gertrude Stein across the Atlantic again, this time not to return for thirty years. "America is my country and Paris is my home town and it is as it has come to be. And so I am an American and I have lived half my life in Paris, not the half that made me but the half in which I made what I made."

For just as her forebears had seen that they must follow the nineteenth century to America, in 1903 Gertrude Stein saw her life had new and lasting direction. She has no sooner settled down with Leo in the Rue de Fleurus than she begins to be a twentieth century creator, both in her writing and in her buying of contemporary paintings. By her, her two brothers and her eldest brother's wife, a new note is sounded for American collectors, so that while the Steins take a little of America to France, through them, directly or indirectly, a great deal of France comes to America. I have already seen in the San Francisco Museum of Art the Harriet Levy Bequest in which collection are early paintings and sculpture by Matisse, bought under Stein direction, and many Picasso drawings of the same period. In San Francisco also, in a private collection, is the Matisse *La Femme au Chapeau,* brilliant as ever, which Gertrude Stein bought fifty years ago while the public was shrieking with mirth and shock and trying to scratch the paint off the canvas. In Baltimore there is the magnificent collection of the sisters Cone who, along with Leo and Gertrude Stein, found

themselves at the heart of the modern movement in art.

Dr. Claribel Cone is said to have been the driving force, but it was Etta who typed *Three Lives,* without reading a word of the script until the author gave her permission, and Etta who, it has been recorded, "was taken there by Gertrude Stein whenever the Picasso finances got beyond everybody and was made to buy a hundred francs' worth of drawings." I spend a long time gazing at his *gouache* of Leo, painted in 1906, the same year as the portrait of Gertrude that hangs in New York's Metropolitan Museum. I find it very moving to look at this red-bearded, melancholy man and to remember how, in the beginning, he and she were *Two Together Two,* and she bowed to his judgment, and how in the end, "she bowed to her brother. Accidentally. When she. Saw him." In 1914 they part; the breach is never healed, the pain of it turning in him to bitterness and in her to a show of indifference.

MOVIES:
Three Loves Gone Wrong

ROBERT BINGHAM

IT IS NOT a reviewer's function to vent his personal disapproval of adultery, and no more is it my desire to make a case for film censorship, but I cannot in good conscience conceal the fact that I came out of Katharine Hepburn's latest picture, "Summertime," more than a little troubled at having seen some of that old stuff that makes the world go round served up with a want of sensitivity that verged on vulgarity.

The plot, if you'll forgive the hyperbole, is not difficult to follow.

I managed to record it fully in the margins of my ticket stub with a dull lead pencil. Miss Jane Hudson, an unmarried American tourist who is what the French call a woman of a certain age, has saved up to go to Venice for what she hopes will be "a wonderful, mystical, magical miracle." The spinster, as portrayed by Miss Hepburn, soon finds herself persuaded that what she really hopes for is to hit the hay with a handsome Italian shopkeeper, handsomely played by Rossano Brazzi, to whom she has given the glad eye in the Piazza San Marco and who turns out to be married but available evenings. A slight scrimmage ensues over the lady's un-Mediterranean scruples, but before long the camera pans from a close-up of a shoe slipping languorously off Miss Hepburn's shapely bare foot to a wide view of fireworks rocketing up and exploding into the wonderful, mystical, magical night.

Having quite explicitly settled an issue that was never in very much doubt—and possibly having run out of Venetian scenery—the director is

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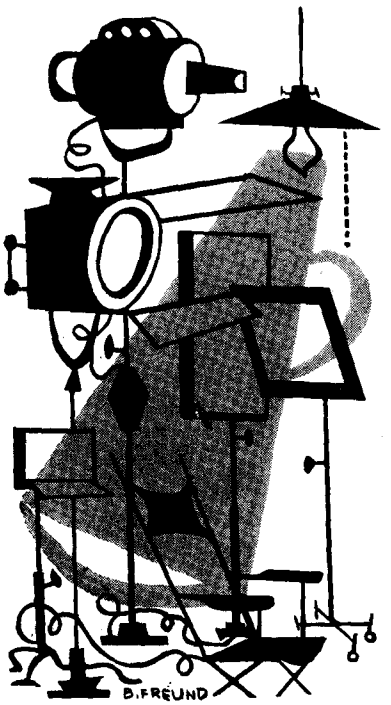
faced with the problem of somehow bringing the picture to an end. Miss Hudson, whom one believes when she says that she has never been so happy in her life, unaccountably packs her bags and entrains for Akron. The house lights come on and the standees look for seats. Just like that.

NOW WHAT I object to is not that the picture takes the Seventh Commandment lightly but that it takes it with such spurious seriousness. There is a lot of that pretentious straight talk about sex which practitioners of soap-opera realism rely on to convey a general aura of



grownupness and artistic honesty—as if there weren't more real information about mature sexuality in one of Jane Austen's tea parties than in all of Henry Miller's dreamed debauches laid end to end. I am not arguing that "Summertime" should have been cleaned up. Self-conscious attempts to make moral pictures invariably produce bad pictures. But on the other hand, I suspect that good pictures, be they comic or tragic, no matter what their subject matter—and surely no subject matter should be legally excluded—are almost invariably moral pictures, at least to the extent that they make audiences grow a little more thoughtful about the human condition. "Summertime" merely leaves one wondering what in tarnation, if anything, is going on beneath the heroine's impeccable grooming to explain her sudden transformation from frigidity to facility and back again.

I am told that David Lean, who both directed and took a hand in writing the screen play, was at some pains to simplify Arthur Laurents's *The Time of the Cuckoo,* from which the movie was made. I did not see the original, but the information must certainly be correct. Miss Hudson's history, abridged but not bowdlerized, is little more than the excuse for a rubberneck travelogue.

To be sure, the scenery, elegantly filmed in color, is notable. It includes not only the grandeurs of Venetian architecture but also the marvelous angularity of Katharine Hepburn's face. And I'm sorry to be so priggish about a picture that is well worth seeing.

IT MUST be the weather. The heat we've been suffering here in New York is enough to render any act of concupiscence improbable. Or maybe it's because I walked out of "Summertime" and walked right into "The Shrike," which is not a very romantic movie.

I am not one of those who consider José Ferrer a great actor—too much mannered brassy monotone. But I must confess that I admire his performance as a man who finds himself locked up in the psychiatric division of a city hospital after an attempted suicide, faced with the fact that he can only get out of the place in the custody of, and thus with the permission of, the wife he had left because he couldn't stand her.

Some of the critics have written that the movie's contrived happy ending has watered down the final impact of the play, but I am prepared to argue that in at least one important respect the new ending strengthens the narrative. In the original stage play, which I did see in this case, the wife was all bitch through and through. No woman could have been that wholeheartedly devoted to evil. Of course her rehabilitation in the movie is somewhat abrupt—the one doctor in the whole hospital who seems relatively free of psychopathic symptoms him-

Are You Moving?

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self asks her if she knows the meaning of the word "ambivalence," and the scales fall from her eyes—but even so, the ending, which is certainly not yet a happy one, adds depth to the characterizations of both the wife and the husband who once loved her.

It has also been said that it was a mistake to cast a glamour girl like June Allyson as the wife. Again I must be contrary. Not having seen Miss Allyson in her more cuddly roles, I was quite impressed by the performance she gave under the direction of Mr. Ferrer. He is also to be commended for having retained many of his fellow patients and hospital personnel from the Broadway run.

I WANT to pay belated tribute to "Gate of Hell," a Japanese film which has been running in various art theaters around the country for eight or nine months.

In the other splendid postwar Japanese pictures, unfamiliar theatrical conventions have required rather more of American audiences than the usual willing suspension of disbelief. It's hard not to laugh at the passionate lovers who grunt and groan and fall on their faces. But the poignancy of this story about a medieval warrior's love for another man's wife is readily accessible to western eyes and ears.

The beauty of the color photography must have proceeded in large part from the work of Sanzo Wada, a prominent painter and teacher who was engaged to correlate the colors of everything from make-up and costumes to minor stage properties in the background. The chief cameraman, Kohei Sugiyama, is also known as an expert on composition. The collaboration of these two with director Teinosuke Kinugasa has proved a fertile one. I was struck particularly by one chase scene in which the camera follows the brightly caparisoned horses and riders wildly around a curving strand of yellow sand toward a blue-green hill in the distance, and then moves deliberately down into the immediate foreground for a long slow shot of dune grass flowing sibilantly in the sea wind. "Gate of Hell" is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen.

The Twisted History Of Our 1930's

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

HISTORICAL interpretation in our time is falling into an exceptionally convenient mold. It is now accepted that judgments will be rendered on decades, and that is a great improvement—symmetrically, at least—over the old system of tying history to reigns, wars, or the interludes between. Most of the work, it is now understood, will be done somewhere between the fifteenth and the twenty-fifth year following the close of the decade in question. Thus one knows just when the history writing is finished. Finally, one or a very few people or occurrences are selected to symbolize the entire decade.

This makes the history very easy to remember. In accordance with these arrangements, work on the 1920's has now been wound up. Of the agreed symbols—F. Scott Fitzgerald, flaming youth, and the tippling middle class, Calvin Coolidge and, in a shadowy sort of way, his Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall—nothing more will be written. By the same token their place in history is secure.

Accent on Communism

According to the timetable, attention is now concentrated exclusively on the 1930's. There is general agreement on the symbols. The depression, breadlines, and Roosevelt are going to have a substantial role. It is hard to see how they could be overlooked.

But it is also certain that they are not to have anything like the monopoly of this symbolism that many Americans of the period—including F.D.R. himself—would have expected. They will have to share the limelight with the domestic Communists, and if things keep going as they have of late, the Communists seem destined to get top billing. There is now something close to agreement that the Communists and their friends dominated the intellectual life of the Republic in those days. There was a small band of bitter-end critics who knew what the Communists were up to and objected. But with this feeble exception the Reds had things their own way in matters of the mind. This dominance of intellectual life meant, of course, a complete control of economic and political thought, and the latter, in turn, provided a powerful leverage on economic and political policy. There are perhaps not so many who, following the latter-day Dos Passos and Eugene Lyons in *The Red Decade,* would argue that the Communists were totally in command. But they were surely doing all the thinking and pulling the really significant strings.

Even where the role of the Communists is explicitly denied they still seem to emerge as the central figures. This perverse tendency is admirably illustrated by Murray Kempton's recent excursion to the decade now officially under contemplation. (PART OF OUR TIME: SOME MONUMENTS AND RUINS OF THE THIRTIES. *Simon and Schuster. $4.*) Mr. Kempton offers a series of portraits of people who were involved in one way or another with Communist ideology in the 1930's—Alger Hiss, Whittaker Chambers, J. B. Matthews, the Hollywood proletarians, Paul Robeson, and others. He goes to great lengths to minimize, numerically and—in lesser measure—also intellectually, the importance of the people he describes. They were "only a limited

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few. . . They changed these institutions [government, unions, the motion pictures] a very little bit for a very little while. . . ."

Yet in the end, Mr. Kempton's heroes become the heroes of the time. Their struggles, victories, and defeats get perilously close to being the social history of the era. Mr. Kempton was himself, in a small way, involved in this turmoil. The same will be true of quite a few other historians of the period—the struggle over Communism has never been without interest to intellectuals. The history will follow in part, at least, from this fact. It has been pointed out before that soldiers have a tendency to identify the whole war with their corner of the battlefield.

All this seems to me rather unfortunate, for it would be my quite futile contention that neither the Communists nor their adversaries had anything much to do with the social history of the United States during the 1930's or even with the consequential ideas. The Communists did not participate at all in the critical debates until they discovered, belatedly, that the questions were important and the decisions had passed them by. The ideas that counted and the action that brought lasting change came from people to whom the question of Communism seemed either irrelevant or, at most, the esoteric preoccupation of people of rather dubious practical sense.

Reds and Farming

A vast amount of evidence can be cited. In the early days of the New Deal, as the histories of the decade will amply tell, there was an unquestioned invasion of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration by some exceptionally talented members of the Communist Party. Theirs, by Communist standards, should have been a key spot. Lenin warned repeatedly that farmers must be at least passively with the revolution; he thought that Stolypin's agrarian reforms (after the 1905 revolution) might end all hope of an upheaval. Obviously agricultural policy was something to watch.

There was a revolution in American agricultural policy in 1933. Thenceforth the farmer was to be substantially protected from the vicissitudes of the free market. The devices for accomplishing this—minimum prices and production and marketing controls—were to become so firmly imbedded that not even Ezra Taft Benson could think contentedly about junking them. But there is no indication that the young Reds had anything to do with this revolution, either pro or con, or even had any important thoughts on it. The principal architects were professors from the land-grant colleges. There are few Americans with whom the question of Communism counts for less, one way or another. They worked out the plans and worked to put them into effect. The young Communists polished the legal language, discussed the deeper and more fundamental issues, and went along somewhere for a drink.

The Welfare State

The story was much the same in the other areas of social experiment and change. No one has yet suggested that the NRA was an act of Communist sabotage. The vast changes implicit in social security and the evolving welfare state were the work of still other professors and of state administrators, welfare workers, and free-lance reformers. The Communists were eliminated here for a different reason. To be influential on a matter like social security one must have a good deal of expert knowledge. Marx (and Lenin also) would have got his back into questions of contributory and noncontributory systems, merit ratings, waiting periods, eligibility requirements, coverage, and a hundred other matters. Few of his followers had a mind for such dreary details.

The greatest of all the economic changes of the 1930's had to do with what is now called variously fiscal policy, the maintenance of aggregate demand, or Keynesian economics. At the beginning of that decade there were not many who supposed that the government should intervene in a depression to maintain purchasing power and employment, and there were even fewer who supposed that it would accomplish any net good if it tried. The basic division of opinion in 1930 was between those who argued for a hands-off policy in a depression and those who urged (via reduced public spending, budget balancing, wage cuts, and debt

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liquidation) for a policy that could reasonably be calculated to make things worse.

By the end of the decade ideas on these matters had undergone roughly a 180-degree change. The government was on the way to accepting responsibility for the level of demand and employment. There was the beginning of agreement on the means for accomplishing this heroic task. (It may be well to remember that these methods have not yet been fully tested.) This change did not come about peacefully or easily. Partly it was the product of a technically exacting discussion among professional economists—perhaps the most intense such discussion in the history of the subject.

THERE was also a very lively political debate. For a time, those who made the case for such studied insanities as deliberate public spending and planned deficits had a reputation with conservatives rather less than that of disciples of Joseph Djugashvili. Again the latter were not involved in the change.

They Captured the History

I am persuaded by Mr. Kempton's recent book—as I have been by others—that the Communists in the 1930's played a role of some importance in the labor movement. Certainly, also, the change from a mostly unorganized labor force to a mostly organized one was another of the great changes of those years. For the rest there seems to have been no major issue of economic or social policy on which the Communists had a perceptible impact. Their role in foreign policy seems to have been almost equally exiguous. And yet despite this extraordinary absence of influence, the Communists are on the way to capturing the history. It is unfair—it is particularly unfair to the college professors who had a great deal to do with what happened—but nothing can be done about it. As noted, the symbols have already been selected, and when this has happened all is over. In the 1920's there were Americans who wrote and talked intelligently, rarely got drunk, went to Paris to see Paris, were sexually circumspect, and stole no oil. Their existence also has been lost to history.

A Thomist In the Modern World

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF JACQUES MARITAIN. **Selected Readings, edited by Joseph W. Evans and Leo R. Ward. *Scribner's*. $5.**

A Protestant of the older, liberal, "social gospel" variety looked at the books on a desk recently and, perhaps to his dismay, saw three by Reinhold Niebuhr. The fourth book on the desk was this collection of Jacques Maritain's social and political writing. He put his hand on the Maritain book and said, rather pointedly, "This man is really wonderful."

It is not altogether surprising that a liberal Protestant should prefer the Catholic Maritain to the Protestant Niebuhr, for Maritain is more irenic than Niebuhr, and he may even be sort of a Protestant's Catholic. At any rate, he is widely read and appreciated in Protestant circles. But then, since he is widely read and appreciated in most intellectual circles, maybe he is everybody's favorite Catholic thinker.

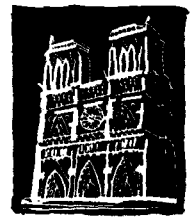
ONE POSSIBLE reason for Maritain's general appeal is his background in non-religious philosophy and liberal Protestantism, which he mentions briefly in the final item in this book, a brief autobiographical statement of faith. This background seems to have made him more understanding and not, as is the case with some converts, less understanding, of the non-Catholic positions he once held.

But the more important reason for Maritain's broad appeal is that he genuinely represents that unifying and inclusive rationalism which is the merit, at their best, of the Thomist philosophy and Catholic faith to which he holds. He represents that catholicity in spirit and in fact, not just in principle and in theory. He says, "We have something to learn . . . from non-Christian forms of thought and . . . from all the errors of the world, since they always hold some truth captive. . . ." Maritain does try to find that truth in "erroneous" positions, and is happy to find it where he can. The non-Catholic never feels in Maritain a tendency to listen to other positions only to hear what form error is taking in order to answer it from a wholly completed truth.

MARITAIN'S inclusive spirit is well demonstrated in this collection, which gathers together chapters from various books showing one main aspect of his philosophy, the social and political. Maritain knows what things the defenders of humanism and democracy and freedom really value; he values them too. He wants to show how they depend upon the primacy of the spirit: A humanism that does not recognize the supernatural side of man will become something less than human; freedom depends upon grace; democracy is a temporal out-working of the impulse of the gospel.

But Maritain is not in such a hurry to make his religious point that he misses the true meaning of the political forms he is discussing. He sees that there must now be an autonomy of the temporal order and a democratic pluralism which differ from the religious unity of the Middle Ages. It is his intent to discover how the full measure of the spiritual person—and the common good—may be realized in a modern and thoroughly secular society.

Therefore, men of many different persuasions may find reflected in his succinct and lucid words something of what they themselves know to be the truth.



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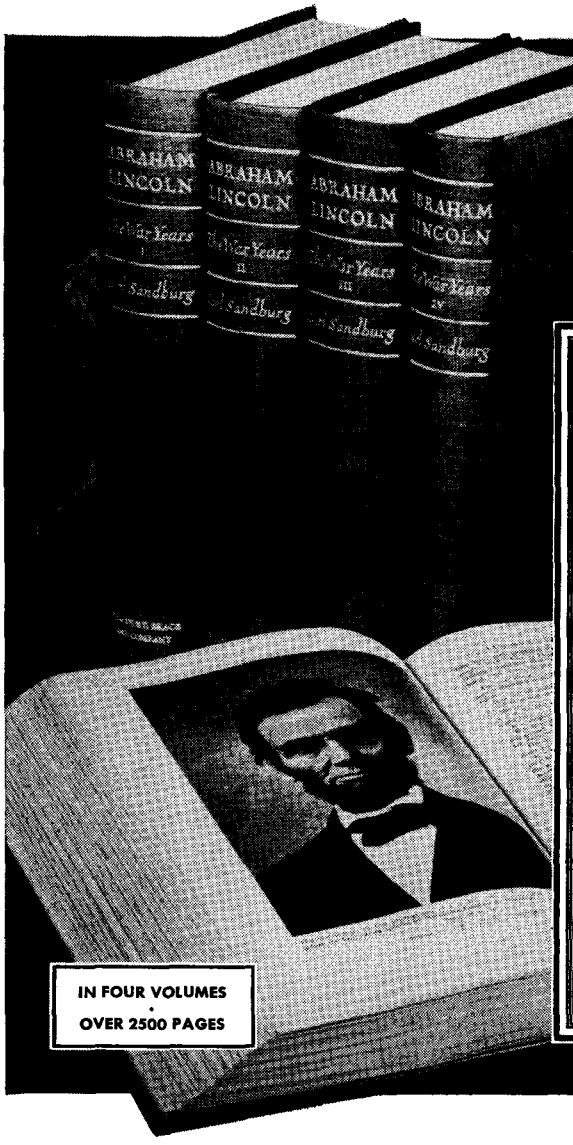

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